

THE KENTUCKY DERBY

Sports Illustrated

MAY 3, 1965

35 CENTS



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every year of it.



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Next week

UNBALANCED PITCHERS are not unusual in the major leagues. Spectacular color photographs show what you must if you keep looking at the ball after the pitcher has let go of it.

THE TENNIS IS LOVELY on the Caribbean tour, where the players spend more time sunning and going to parties than they do on the court. Frank Deford takes an envious look.

L.B. & COUNTRY—Hill Country to most Texans—is a lonely yet magnetic land. Edwin Shrake writes of it and its people, recounting its past, looking at its present and future.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



People like to read about people, and we at SPORTS ILLUSTRATED are not about to flout this fundamental rule of journalism. Every week we write about the heroes and goats who are directly involved in the great confrontations of sport. Less frequently, but regularly, we explore the fringes or lesser-known areas of sport and come up with bizarre personalities, such as Dr. Herbert R. Axelrod (page 77), who is the world's foremost authority on tropical fish. He also happens to have an IQ of 181, has collected sea slugs with Hirohito (the Emperor of Japan is an expert on them) and has a passion for pigeons, the violin, snakes and coffee with cockroaches in it (they might be a new species). He seems like a unique personality, but we have presented to our readers others as extraordinary.

For instance, we had a story (SI, Feb. 27, 1961) on Mr. J. G. Taylor Spink, the late publisher of baseball's weekly bible, *The Sporting News*. Mr. Spink did more for the game than baseball can ever repay. He also was disposed to prove that he was absolutely right about everything. "Taylor Spink," declared Taylor Spink unflinchingly, "is first-class. He travels first-class, he works first-class. His paper is first-class. He demands the best and he gets it." Fortunately, Mr. Spink did not have to prove these statements; the story mostly did it for him.

Then there was John Zink (SI, Nov. 4, 1963), a 250-pound, 72-year-old Tulsa millionaire who sports an Ernest Hemingway beard, dresses in terry-cloth shorts, shoots coyotes from a penthouse, drives a Caterpillar bulldozer for kicks, smears juicy steaks with sticky peanut butter and, with his son, builds pink-and-cream racing cars that twice have won the Indy 500. Bizarre? Yes, but perhaps no more so

than John Doy (SI, Feb. 3, 1964), a 55-year-old Oregon rancher, millionaire and grandfather who delights in being different. Instead of a tame house cat, he owns an African cheetah. Instead of climbing mountains, he sprints to their summits and then tears back down again to set speed records. At the age of 52 he strapped skis on his feet for the first time and spent the next 24 months rigorously training for the 1964 U.S. Olympic Nordic ski team—which he failed to make.

Or perhaps one might give the prize for eccentricity to Horse Owner Colonel Idder Bieher (SI, June 26, 1961), whose mind is so weighted down with global matters that he will not name his own famous Thoroughbreds in any conventional manner. Colonel Bieher contends that the world has three defects: "sex, slaughter and smoke." To combat these three evils he gives his horses such names as Set an Example, Hate War and Don't Smoke. And on days when he knows everything is about to go wrong he wears stiff \$103 shoes. That way he can count on at least one pleasure—taking off the shoes.

In the same league we have found such characters as Dr. Ernest Dichter (SI, July 24, 1961), a jaunty little scientist who has studied the psychology of sports (bowlers are actually "knocking down people, little men, women") in his spooky castle laboratory high above the Hudson River. And harness racing's Big Daddy, George Morton Levy (SI, July 27, 1964), who relaxes from his duties at Roosevelt Raceway by blasting golf balls through his neighbor's bay windows at midnight. And many others.

However eccentric, these are important people. You rarely hear much about them in the news, but you meet them in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.

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SHOPWALK

A man could end up on the Bowery for love of a two-piece billiard cue

Manufacturers of two-piece billiard cues," reads a sign on the wall of Isidore Rutzsky's little store at 198 Bowery on New York's ramshackle Lower East Side. The shop is hardly more than a stall, dusty and dimly lit. Rutzsky calls it the Bowery Billiard Tables & Supply Company, but not a billiard table is to be seen. "We don't sell them anymore," says Rutzsky. "They are too much trouble to order now that the game is popular." The shop is strewn with the tools and debris of a wood-turning craftsman: the lathes, saws, wood chips and sawdust from the lathing and polishing of countless billiard cues. "We specialize in making two-piece billiard cues for private people," says Rutzsky. For the hustler, the game's professional, and the discriminating amateur, a two-piece cue is invaluable. It is easy to carry, and certainly no one doubts that a 2½-foot carrying case is more discreet than one 5 feet long, the length of a normal cue.

"Fifty-four years I'm on the Bowery," Rutzsky says with pride. "First at No. 332 and now at No. 198, but always in the billiard business."

If Rutzsky cannot satisfy a customer with one of two dozen models on his display rack, he will make a cue to order for the same price, carefully noting a customer's particular specifications of weight, diameter and decoration and finish it within a week. The weight of a cue is important to a player, and it must be accurate to the ounce (most weigh between 14 and 22 ounces). Brazilian rosewood, easily lathed or shaved to the correct weight, is used for the butt of the cue. The shafts are made of smooth domestic hard-rock maple, easily turned to a desired diameter (10-13 millimeters) to fit a customer's grip. The tip of the shaft usually is made of hard East Indian buckhorn, although a synthetic may sometimes be substituted. The tip is then capped with French leather. A custom cue by Rutzsky costs from \$16 to \$40, depending upon a player's taste in decorative inlays. Rutzsky supplies a carrying case for his two-piece billiard cues. Depending upon the type of material, the cases cost from \$3 to \$12.

Wood is not the only material Rutzsky uses. He also converts blocks of Zanzibar elephant ivory into billiard balls. Depending upon the grade of ivory, a set of three—red, white and spotted—costs up to \$75. If he has the seasoned ivory in his safe, it takes Rutzsky about a week to turn, polish and color them. (Ivory must be seasoned for at least a year, much like wood, before it can be made into billiard balls.)

—PAUL STEWART



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GENERAL  ELECTRIC

SCORECARD

MUMBO-JUMBO IN THE GUMBO

After days of unpublished rumors about a gambling scandal, Loyola University of New Orleans revealed on April 14 that it had placed three basketball players on "disciplinary probation," dropped them from the squad and canceled their athletic scholarships. On orders from Loyola's president, the Very Rev. Andrew C. Smith, Bill Gardiner, basketball coach and athletic director, refused to give the reasons for dismissal. Father Smith would not discuss the subject. The three players were told to keep quiet.

In this silence, questions were inevitably raised. Had the boys accepted bribes? Bet against their own team? Or missed practices? Nothing but innuendo bubbled to the top of a pot of secrecy as thick as gumbo creole.

The mother of one player confirmed last week at least part of what has been whispered about. The players had been betting on basketball, she conceded, but never on Loyola games. "It's so unfair," she said. "They bet among themselves. These boys have never broken the NCAA rules." (The NCAA recommendation regarding gambling and bribery says, in part: "Institutional regulations should provide that a student shall be expelled if he becomes an agent of the gambling industry through the process of distributing handicap information or handling bets.")

If Loyola is trying to hush up the matter to protect the players, it is being absurdly naive in a day when suspicions of college basketball are hard to squelch. If it is trying to protect the reputation of the school at the expense of the players, silence is reprehensible. And if the players' offenses are more serious than even their parents have been told, the university is still more obligated to divulge what universities supposedly seek—the truth.

SCORCHED-SEA POLICY

There is growing concern on the Pacific Coast, among both sport and commercial fishermen, about the depredations of Japanese fishing trawlers outside the

three-mile limit. But only in Alaska has it reached the stage of hysteria. In the 49th state Governor William Egan is threatening to dam the sockeye salmon-producing rivers that discharge into Bristol Bay.

Egan's plan is to build a series of low dams at the mouths of Bristol Bay's spawning rivers early next year. This, he pointed out, would prevent the salmon from going out to sea and into the nets of the Japanese. "I have been assured that this is feasible and would create a vast inland fishery," he said.

What it would create, in fact, is a vast fishery of stunted fish. Deprived of salt-water pasturage, the sockeyes deteriorate immediately. In one generation they become "kokanee," dwarfed imitations of their old selves. Averaging under 10 inches, they are totally unsuitable for cannery operations and of no use to sportsmen. We suggest that Governor Egan learn a bit more about his state's prime resource, which within Alaska is second in income only to federal expenditures for national defense.

NO HEALTH RESORT

All sports have their "occupational" hazards—from calcified elbows to cauliflower ears—but an editor of the *Health Bulletin*, a weekly newsletter that reports on medical topics, was surprised to learn in Las Vegas recently that gambling is not without its health dangers, too.

There for a medico-legal conference sponsored by the American Medical Association and the American Bar Association, the editor learned in chatting with Las Vegas doctors that certain ailments are endemic to the town. For instance, crapsshooters develop circulatory problems in their legs from standing around the tables too long. Others are troubled with dependent edema, which is a sort of water-logging of the legs from prolonged standing. Then there is "black-jack dermatitis," caused by a skin sensitivity to the chromate salts used in dyeing the green-felt tables. Some players are allergic to nickel and, though in their day-to-day activities they do not handle

enough coins to draw a reaction, in Las Vegas they hang around for hours on end with coins in their hands. Pretty soon they have to visit a doctor.

Finally, there is "slot-machine arm," a bursitis that is just as painful (and 10 times as expensive) as tennis elbow.

GUTS AND GULLS

Down on Hatteras Island, jutting out into the Atlantic, seagulls rank as a leading road hazard, well ahead of drunks. The offense? Using the highway between Avon and Salvo to crack clams and scallops. The gulls gather their grub at low tide, head for the road, draw a careful bead on the center line and unleash their scallops. Lunch over, they leave the razor-sharp shell fragments for motorists.

The highway department first used road sweepers but, like picking up trash at a company picnic, it was a losing battle. Then someone had an idea. These seagulls are close-knit family types, he pointed out. They wouldn't think of dropping a clamshell on a relative, would they?

Highwaymen painstakingly painted snow-white spread-winged seagulls on the road. The paint wasn't dry before the



first gull swooped down and fired a clam at a painted bird. The bombardment is still going on.

ROOKIE ROWERS

One of the heartwarming stories of the crew season concerns Northeastern University's debut in the sport, thanks to the generosity of Boston's Chandler Hovey, internationally known yachtsman. Hovey put up the money for Northeastern to

buy a rowing barge, a launch, two shells and the services of Coach Ernest Arlett, a former professional rower from Henley-on-Thames, England. Arlett coached Finland's Olympic team in 1948 and America's Jack Kelly Jr., when he competed in the Diamond Sculls at Henley. Later he coached Rutgers' freshmen and put in three years as sculling coach at Harvard.

He faced a tremendous job at Northeastern, which has no rowing background. His varsity is made up of eight men with no previous racing experience. But when the season opened, Northeastern came on like a rookie homing in his first time at bat in the major leagues. It won its first regatta, defeating previously unbeaten Marietta of Ohio, which had won five straight and was considered a major power among the smaller rowing schools.

Then, on the following Saturday, Northeastern rowed in the Marist College President's Cup Regatta at Poughkeepsie, where it swept both the varsity and junior varsity races, beating six other colleges in both contests.

As Jack Fritley, coach at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, said after watching them, "It's a crew with a future."

And, already yet, a past.

BOX OFFICE ÜBER ALLES

Before the 40th Kansas Relays, Bill Easton, University of Kansas track coach, spent \$60 for two plastic pole-vault boxes to replace old ones that did not conform to NCAA rules. Wade Sunson, athletic director, sent them back to the express terminal marked "Return to Sender." Easton recovered them and put them in place for the relays. Two days after the meet, which he directed, Easton was fired.

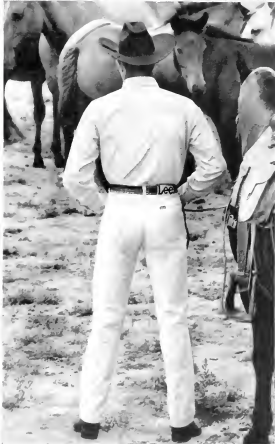
It was a shocker. In his 18 years at Kansas, Easton's teams had won two NCAA track and field championships, one NCAA cross-country championship, 11 Big Eight indoor championships, 11 outdoor championships and 16 cross-country titles. He had developed such Olympic champions as Al Oerter, Bill Nieder and Billy Mills, as well as Miller Wes Santee.

A man like that might be expected to have earned tenure, but Sunson, an insurance man hired a year ago though he had no previous athletic administration experience, said he fired Easton because they could not agree on how the Kansas track program should be administered and financed. It has been no secret that Chancellor W. Clarke Wescoe instructed

continued

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SCORECARD

Stanton to emphasize financial solvency.

"Seinson has told athletic board members that there is no place at Kansas for a sport that doesn't pay," Easton said after he was fired. "I disagree. There are only a couple of things on our campus that pay their way. I thought we were supposed to be an educational institution rather than an outfit interested only in something to make a profit on, and my philosophy of coaching has always been to make it a part of the education process. . . . I would not care to be associated with a group that apparently does not wish to adhere to the quest for excellence which I and my teams have always tried to do."

Now Easton is out of a job at 61. And one of the great track traditions in America seems about to founder in a sea of parsimony. If track could not pay its way under Easton, it is not likely it will under his successor. Meanwhile, led by Wes Santee, a pro-Eastern alumni faction has been formed to protest his discharge, but obviously too late to be effective.

SPORTING COEXISTENCE

Thanks to 30 years of successful research by Dr. Lauren Donaldson, professor at the University of Washington's College of Fisheries, trout fishing around the world is seeing some changes made and more are in prospect. Even two Iron Curtain countries are cooperating.

By selective breeding, Dr. Donaldson has produced a supertrout, one which grows to staggering size, matures early and produces eggs copiously. Using rainbows and steelheads (sea-run rainbows), he has developed fish that mature in their second year, instead of the fourth or fifth, and at three years weigh from 13 to 17 pounds. Females turn out 5,000 to 17,000 eggs a year starting in their second year, as against 400 to 500 in the fourth year for ordinary trout.

The supertrout have been distributed widely in suitable waters throughout the U.S. and are being grown in Japan, Poland, Norway, Ireland and Canada. After some ducking, Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia have exchanged native trout species for some 120,000 supertrout eggs. Yugoslavia air-shipped 100,000 Ohrid trout eggs to the Manchester National Fish Hatchery in Iowa. An offshoot of the brown trout, the Ohrid is named for a lake on the border of Albania and Yugoslavia, and, since it requires cold water, will be planted experimentally in

continued

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remote lakes of Minnesota's Superior National Forest. Czechoslovakia's gift will be 50,000 Hucho-Hucho eggs. The Hucho-Hucho is a troutlike species of the same genus as the brown but is structurally like a char. A warm-water fish, it is prolific in the Danube River and grows to great size. The largest recorded was 130 pounds, and 50-pounders are not uncommon. Its habitat niche is pretty much that of the cutfish.

No word yet on what lures attract the Ohrid and the Hucho-Hucho.

THE ECUMENICAL SPIRIT

The Marx Brothers would have loved such a day at the races, but track officials and fans at San Francisco's Golden Gate Fields did not. Persistent rain had soaked electric cables, causing a short circuit that blew out the tote board. Lights also were out in the sellers' and cashiers' room and, though an unaffected line was put into service so that an announcer could report changing odds, it could not be used for the lights.

When all seemed lost, and it appeared that the day's card would have to be canceled, help arrived from on high. Track scouts had dashed over to St. Ambrose's Catholic Church in Berkeley and returned with 500 candles.

PONCHO, M.D.

In his three years of incident-filled life, Poncho, a beagle owned by the Alvin Davis family of Duluth, had been taken to the North Shore Veterinary Hospital many times for shots and treatment of minor ailments. On one occasion he was there three weeks after a rumble with a bigger dog.

Poncho had a run-in with a porcupine the other day and came out of it with quills in his head and chest. He trotted two miles to the veterinary hospital, scratched for admittance, had the quills removed and was taken home.

THEY SAID IT

- Gene Mauch, Phillies manager, on the wretched early-season weather: "We had three days off in a week, and I would have given half my pay for a day off during the last 10 games of last season."
- Ralph Jordan, Auburn football coach: "We have had to change the name of our little delayed pass that once beat Georgia Tech from 'Selma right' to 'Wetumpka right.' 'Selma right' has been declared unconstitutional." **END**

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A SENTIMENTAL DERBY

Half a dozen horses in this week's Kentucky Derby have the breeding, the class, the expert trainers and jockeys and the racing experience needed to win. They all have their convinced supporters. Only one of them also has the good wishes of fans everywhere, even their affection, to the extent that he is unquestionably the sentimental favorite of the race. He is the object of his trainer's adoration on the opposite page—Bold Lad.

Even those who find no room for sentiment in the commercial atmosphere of modern racing weaken slightly at Kentucky Derby time, and allow their feelings to run away with abandon from logical considerations. They indulged in such folly in 1958, for example, sending the colorful Silky Sullivan off as co-favorite with a genuine champion named Tim Tam. And no one was overly surprised when Tim Tam won and Silky finished a forelorn 12th.

There is nothing like a Silky Sullivan in this Derby, but in the combination of Bold Lad and Trainer Bill Winfrey are all those ingredients of past misfortune and modest perseverance that inspire sentimental support. Just 12 years ago this week Winfrey came to Louisville with Alfred Vanderbilt's fabulous gray, Native Dancer. Nobody, including Winfrey, thought he could lose the Derby. But he did, by a head to Dark Star, in the only loss of the Dancer's brilliant career. Reflecting on his feelings of May 2, 1953, Winfrey recently cast his clear-blue eyes up at Bold Lad and said with deep seriousness, "I didn't think I had the Derby coming to me then any more than I think it now, but to get beat an eye by a series of misfortunes was tough. And to know you had the best 3-year-old in the country made it tougher."

In Bold Lad, owned by the grand old lady of American racing, Mrs. Henry C. Phipps, Bill Winfrey again believes he has the best 3-year-old in the country. This winter, before Bold Lad came up with the first of his two popped splints which made many people doubt he would ever make it to Louisville, Winfrey said of his Derby chances, "If he stays this way the only way they'll beat him is through bad racing luck." The important point now is that Bold Lad did not stay "this way." He missed some valuable training time, and even a colt who was the 2-year-old champion can ill afford such a lapse when he is aiming for a mile and a quarter in early May.

There are those who believe, also, that Bold Lad is going to be a very tired horse this Saturday at the head of the Churchill Downs stretch, a desperately long quarter of a mile from the wire. Correctly, they point out that Bold Lad's sire, Bold Ruler, was more of a brilliant middle-distance horse than a true stayer (he was fourth in the 1957 Derby), and that not one of his sons has yet won at the Derby's 10-furlong distance.

Last week Winfrey signed on the man who will make the vitally important move with Bold Lad, and he couldn't have done better had he pulled Earl Sande or Eddie Arcaro out of retirement. There will be a special kind of rooting for jockey Bill Hartack when he gets aboard this colt, for no other modern rider has a Derby record even close to his: four winners in six mounts.

Bold Lad, Winfrey and Hartack are not going to have the 91st Derby to themselves—not by a long shot. Shown on the following pages are some of their leading rivals, and on page 25 is Whitney Tower's analysis of the field.







Lucky Debonair, a bay son of the good stakes winner Veritas owned by Mrs. Ada L. Rice, is Kentucky-bred, but he earned the title of best California-based 2-year-old when Bill Shoemaker rode him to a four-length win in the Santa Anita Derby.

Following his half-length victory in the Flamingo, grey Native Charger, with John Rotz up, held off Mel to All to repeat in the Florida Derby (below). Under John Sellers, Mel to All later lost by a neck to Flag Raiser in the Wood Memorial.





... BUT, SENTIMENT ASIDE, IT'S TOM ROLFE

This year's Derby field should number between 10 and 15 starters, their trainers and jockeys are walking around Louisville with confident smiles masking deep anxieties—because the top contenders seem so evenly matched.

Going into Tuesday's one-mile Derby Trial, Bold Lad was still what the experts call "the form horse," the one to beat. But very close to him, putting in last hard works in front of the twin spires of the old Downs (see cover), was an extremely able cluster of four or five. The best may well be Tom Rolfe, the compact, handsome son of Ribot shown on the opposite page. Like virtually all the Ribots, Tom Rolfe is on the small side (15 hands 2 inches—or, in layman's language, 5 feet 2 inches from the ground to the horse's withers), but if this bay colt is little he is also a little tiger when he gets to running. Last Saturday at Churchill Downs he had a race over the Derby strip—an important factor—and it indicated that he may be reaching his top form at a time when some of his leading competitors have passed theirs.

It seemed certain that one day Ribot, the undefeated winner of 16 races who twice captured the mile-and-a-half Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe, would sire a genuine U.S. classic runner. Tom Rolfe, owned by Ambassador to Ireland Raymond Guest, may be just the colt everyone has been expecting. Last week, it is true, he was going only seven furlongs in the Stepping Stone Purse, but he made a tremendous impression with a length-and-three-quarters win over Native Charger, who, in his previous two starts, had won the Flamingo and Florida Derby. With Ron Turcotte aboard, Tom Rolfe literally took off around his field on the turn to win going away. And he never looked better. As Turcotte put it, "He's sharper right now than he's ever been." Trainer Frank Whaley, a patient horseman, has brought Tom Rolfe along with perfect timing, and he certainly runs as though his first attempt at a mile and a quarter is not going to bother him in the slightest. In addition to carrying the staying blood of Ribot, he is out of the mare Pocahontas, whose dam was How, a winner of the Coaching Club American Oaks and the Ladies Handicap over a mile and a quarter and a mile and a half. This tiger is bred to run all day.

Native Charger, who went off in the Stepping Stone as the 4-to-5 favorite, had a legitimate excuse for his loss, although on this day, I believe, he would not have beaten Tom Rolfe no matter what. Jockey Johnny Rotz had him in sixth place up the backstretch. When he tried to save ground by hugging the rail around the far turn—which is where Tom Rolfe said goodbye to everyone—Rotz had to check his mount sharply as the 72-to-1 shot, Golden Bobbie, stopped abruptly in front of him. Still, Native Charger was the solid horse in Florida this winter, twice beating the best around at the longest distances.

Last Thursday Willie Shoemaker rode Lucky Debonair to a half-length victory over the Arkansas Derby winner, Swift Ruler, in Keeneland's Blue Grass Stakes. The time was a so-so 1:49, and the winner was extremely hard put to

achieve his victory at all. Swift Ruler got to Lucky Debonair in the stretch and even put his head in front for an instant at the eighth pole. It took a good deal of determined work on Shoe's part to get the California champion home. In the Blue Grass, where, admittedly, Lucky Debonair may have been a little short, Shoe had only one challenger to contend with in the stretch. If he gets in front at Churchill Downs he will find not one but several colts driving at him during the last furlong. As for Swift Ruler, I think he's going to find 10 furlongs just about one furlong too far. John Meemon's Narushua, third in the Stepping Stone, finished as though he didn't want much more either, while Mrs. Mary Keim's Needles colt, Mr. Pak, is the sort of fast finisher who usually gets some of the money but rarely the biggest share.

Of the fast finishers likely to be seen in Louisville the swiftest may be Mrs. Ben Cohen's Hail to All. Although he won the Hibiscus in a long, hard drive, coming from last place to win by a neck, he is more often a bridesmaid than a bride. Native Charger beat him a neck in the Florida Derby, and Flig Raiser beat him a neck in the Wood Memorial. Trainer Eddie Yowell has replaced John Sellers with Manuel Ycaza on the colt and if Manuel can get this bay son of Hail to Reason moving before the distance again runs out, he must be considered a serious Derby threat. But Ycaza knows as well as Sellers (who won the 1961 Derby by coming from 11th place with Carry Back) that unless a slow starter is willing to take the worst of it by circling the whole field in front of him, he must gamble heavily on finding openings through which to zigzag his way to the front. No one will deny that Ycaza is a fearless exponent of this kind of race riding, but in the Kentucky Derby holes do not open up just for the asking.

If Dapper Dan wins, it will be because Ribot has sired a classe U.S. colt and his name is Dapper Dan and not Tom Rolfe. He is a little fellow, too, also 15 hands 2 inches and weighing only 1,000 pounds, but Trainer Bill Winfrey calls him "tougher than nails and another little tiger who wants to run all day." Dapper Dan, like Tom Rolfe, may be just reaching his peak, but he has now had nine races this year and his record of only two wins over minor competition hardly suggests that he has the genuine class to match the best of his generation.

Although he has now won three straight stakes, including the Wood, Flag Raver does not finish the way a Derby horse should. If Darby Dan's Bugler does well in the Derby Trial this week, he will be brought back for the big one but, despite having won three in a row, including a victory in the mud over Lucky Debonair, he does not appear to be up to most of the opposition. Even less qualified are Carpenter's Rule, Apple Core and At First Blush.

This may not be the finest field of Derby horses, but it is going to provide a fine betting race, and possibly a blanket finish as well. I've watched most of the colts prepare for their meeting from early January through April, and I would say that if Bold Lad doesn't win, Tom Rolfe will.

—WHITNEY TOWER

RECORD-SLINGING IN THE RAIN

Even in foul weather and on his off days Texas A&M's huge Randy Matson heaves the shot and discus so far that he has track coaches talking in superlatives and fellow athletes scrambling madly for cover **by EDWIN SHRAKE**

Down at the far end of the field the broad jumpers were jogging beside the runway to the broad-jump pit. They were bending and stretching, shaking out their muscles in the Texas sun, paying no attention to what was happening nearly 200 feet away, where a very large young man had picked up a discus. Suddenly somebody yelled. Something whizzed through the air above the broad jumpers, sailed over the runway and knocked a hunk out of the second lane of the track. Astonished, the broad jumpers looked at the discus lying on the track and then down toward where Randy Matson was standing. And that was all the broad-jumping anybody did for a while.

The throw—201 feet 5½ inches—was made in Waco a couple of weeks ago and was the longest in the history of college track, but it will not be allowed as a record because, of all things, Matson threw uphill. Had the field been level, the discus would have gone seven to ten feet farther.

Such performances, official or unofficial, are becoming commonplace for the 20-year-old Matson. Just five days earlier he had set the world record of 67 feet 11¼ inches in the shotput. What else he may accomplish if he does not lose interest is a matter of joyous speculation around Texas A&M, where Matson, now a sophomore, finally decided to enroll after picking through 100 scholarships.

"I know what's going to happen one of these days," said Baylor Track Coach Clyde Hart. "We'll see Matson standing on the middle platform at the Olympics, getting his gold medal. He'll peel off his A&M warmup suit, and underneath he'll have on a cape and a big S on his chest. Then he'll fly away, and we'll all wonder whether we really saw him."

Already Matson has become the most sought-after celebrity in track and field. Triangular meets with Matson in them draw about 4,000 people and can pay



Putting shot to the usual clatter of cameras, sweat-soaked Matson sets Drake Relays mark.

for most schools' track budgets in a single day. Last week, with three major meets—the Penn, Mount San Antonio and Drake relays—crowding the schedule, Matson chose the trip to Des Moines and the Drake campus. There, despite an increasingly harried life that has made him begin to wonder about the pleasures of fame, Matson set meet records in the shotput and the discus and was voted the meet's outstanding athlete. On Saturday, when he set the shotput record with a—for him—puddling 63 feet 11 3/4 inches, he did not even bother to remove his Aggie warmup clothes. The temperature was in the low 40s and it was raining, but 11,000 people were in the old brick stadium, mostly in tribute to Matson.

Getting to Drake had not been easy. Matson had risen early on Thursday at College Station, the small central Texas town where A&M is located, and had driven through a countryside bright with bluebonnets to the Dallas airport 175 miles away. The charter plane that was to take him to Des Moines was two and a half hours late. Once it did take off, the air conditioning failed. Matson flew the entire way sweating, with his head bent over a history book. He lost eight pounds during the journey. That could have contributed to his comparatively poor showing. But he was not disturbed. Like other prodigies, he takes his achievements as a matter of course.

Back on campus at A&M, Matson lives in a dormitory room that is hardly larger than a ping-pong table, but in it are two beds, two desks, three chairs. Matson's roommate and Matson who, at 6 feet 6 1/2 and 255 pounds, is a crowd by himself. He eats A&M cafeteria food, and he drinks a diet supplement to keep his weight up.

On the walls are Olympic pennants—souvenirs of Tokyo, where Matson finished second in the shot to Dallas Long—and a tiger painted on black velvet. He has a stereo and a pan of fudge on his desk, and a telephone. That telephone he regards as his cross. He is a serious student in business administration with a better than B average, but since he has been breaking records week after week the telephone has rung constantly.

"I've thought about having the phone taken out," Matson said one afternoon last week. "But if I did that I'd just have to walk down all those stairs [four flights and no elevators] every time I got a call, and that wouldn't be any good."

This spring, after a run-in with the new A&M football coach, young Gene Stallings, Matson considered walking down those concrete stairs for the last time. Matson played football in high school and was perhaps the finest basketball player in the state. "He was the best defensive player I've seen," said West Texas State Basketball Coach Jimmy Viramontes. "He reminded me of Bill Russell." But Matson came to A&M to concentrate on the shot and the discus, not on basketball or football. During the recent workout one of his discus throws went off line and almost skulled some of Stallings' football players. When Matson walked over to retrieve the discus Stallings, a product of the Bear Bryant school of harder knocks, told him in so many words to take that funny-looking plate and go so far away they would have to communicate by mail. Matson went up to his room and started packing. Luckily for the Aggies, friends talked Matson out of leaving.

"I'm still not sure whether I would really have left," Matson said. "But I was thinking about it. I doubt if very many people here really like this place. But it's a great place to train. And I'm here strictly to train and to study. The main reason I came here in the first place was because of the weight coach, Emil Mamaliga. I need a lot of work with the weights, and Mamaliga is the best."

Matson is a young man of fairly simple tastes. During his senior year at Panola High School in West Texas he was courted by Southern Cal. The coaches took Matson out to the USC campus, had him squared around by Parry O'Brien and showed him the movie stars. Instead of being impressed, Matson returned home determined to go to either A&M or the University of Texas. "One place they took me in California, coach cost 50¢ a cup," he said. "I couldn't go to school out there."

Weight and eating are vital matters to Matson. "I just don't have much of an appetite," he said. "But I have to stay up to at least 255 because I'm not as strong as guys like Parry O'Brien or Dallas Long. My best bench press is 350 pounds. Long's is 510. My advantage is in height and reach. I use my wrists and fingers a lot more than Long or O'Brien in putting the shot. I like a lot of wrist action."

If there is a mystique to shotputting, it escapes Matson. He has tremendous

speed and technique inside the shot ring, but he gets no inner feeling of magic power, no visionary flash of being Superman. "As a matter of fact, I try not to think about a meet," he said. "I try to get my mind out of it completely. When I'm in the ring I can't tell whether I'm going to be good or bad. Sometimes after I've let the shot go I think it might be pretty good. But during the throw I never think about that part of it. When I set that world record, I was thinking it wouldn't be a good throw at all, because I was kind of tired."

Matson does not particularly care for throwing the discus. His specialty is the shot. He uses 70% of his workout time on the shot and flings the discus as a sort of afterthought.

"There are too many variables in the discus," he says. "The wind has a big effect, and people are inconsistent. You get better as you get older. Right now, though, I prefer the shot. I hope I can throw it for 10 more years."

Al Oerter, who has won three straight Olympic championships in the discus, has spoken of retiring. Dallas Long, after getting his gold medal, announced he was retiring and said, in effect, he might as well, because Matson was going to wipe out everybody's records anyway. Matson is on the way to doing that.

But the public life has not appealed to him. He polished his speechmaking while working as a public relations man for a utility company in Abilene last summer, but he clearly would rather wrestle a gorilla than make a speech. He gets hundreds of fan letters from kids asking for advice in the shot and discus, and he tries to answer each of them individually. The result is that Matson has to stay up very late to write letters, talk on the phone and study, and that makes it harder for him to maintain his weight. But at least Aggie Basketball Coach Shelby Metcalf has stopped asking Matson to play basketball—although that was so painful Metcalf can barely force himself to look at Matson on campus.

"I'm sure it will all turn out to be worth it," Matson said. "In 10 years I can quit, and I ought to have some kind of good job or business going for me by then somewhere here in Texas." By then Matson may have to quit purely because of lack of competition. Already his appearances, like the one at Drake last week, are more exhibitions than competitive field events.

END

THE PLAYOFF WAS CHILD'S PLAY

Against a Los Angeles squad depleted by injuries, the Boston Celtics coasted to their seventh straight world title and their eighth in nine years—an awesome, if monotonous, series of performances **by FRANK DEFORD**

It is now wholly reasonable for the National Basketball Association to disseminate news of its annual playoffs by sending out fill-in-the-blanks postcards the way people do from the seashore:

"Greetings from Boston and
Led by Bill Russell, this year the Celtics
won four games to —. It was their
straight championship. Losing
coach — said this Boston team was
the 'greatest ever.'"

Fill-ins for this year, in order, are, Los Angeles; one; seventh or umpteenth; Fred Schaus.

This victory for Boston was more repetitive than competitive. The Lakers put on a game performance without their All-Pro, Elgin Baylor, in a cast after an injury in the opening minutes of the Baltimore semifinal series. Guards Dick Barnett and Jim King were substantially affected by lesser ailments, and the team was simply outmanned all over the court—at center, at the forwards, at the guards and on the bench. On defense, no team is close to the Celtics. On offense, they provide opponents with the most difficult problem in that area of pro-ball strategy known as match-ups, the balancing of personnel between teams.

So it was no surprise when Boston won the first two games with ease—first in a rout, then with a good effort to top a good one by L.A. Boston usually suffers a letdown in the third playoff game (it is 2-7 in those contests) and, sure enough, the Celtics were so inept in this third game that the sellout crowd seemed to take more interest in the business of Celtic Coach Red Auerbach's victory cigars. Every screwball in the place threw cigars at Auerbach or presented them to him or screamed at him about cigars. And the rest of the people just roared and roared every time it happened—the funniest thing since Joe Penner brought the house down by asking people if they wanted to buy a duck.

The real beauty of the third game was that Jerry West's brilliant efforts were rewarded at least once with victory. Though he got outstanding help from Center Gene Wiley and Forward LeRoy Ellis in this game, it was his 43 points that were most important. But then Boston came right back to win 112-99 in the key fourth contest, and the Celtics wrapped it up at home Sunday with a veritable slaughter, 129-96. Tra-la.

There was, really, none of the neon excitement of past finals. A Lakers' victory demanded that West ascend to impossible heights. "He alone carried them by Baltimore," said Cincinnati's Jack McMahon. "And if they beat Boston he'd have done it again. Then you'd have to say he's the greatest ever," added the man who coaches Oscar Robertson. West's play had put him firmly in Robertson's realm but, ironically, it was one of his rare bad nights that ruined L.A.'s chances in the fourth game.

K. C. Jones, the little man's Bill Russell, had held West firmly under control in the opening game, harassing him so that Schaus had had to relieve West of bringing the ball upcourt. But West had come right back with 45- and 43-point nights. "You only stop Jerry when he is having an off night," K. C. had said after the first game. "Guarding him is a guessing game."

Saul, K. C. bothered West mightily at the start of the fourth game. Always staying between West and the ball, Jones cut Jerry's scoring chances in half. West got only four shots and made but one in the first period, and Jones, for his part, stole the ball four times.

Los Angeles fought from 12 back, however, with players like Ellis, Walt Hazzard and Don Nelson taking up the slack for West, and went six up in the half. K. C. picked up his fourth personal early in the second half and had to be relieved of his assignment on West. Then

Jerry started getting open, and it looked as if L.A. had a real chance to tie the series. But again and again, 14 out of 15 times in one stretch, West missed, almost always by a hair.

At the other end, the Celtics began to improve. Inevitably they closed the gap, went ahead 77-74 on Tom Heinsohn's three-point play, and thereafter took solid control of the game. Captain Russell, who had spent the afternoon shopping for a pair of black Levi's for Auerbach, saved his best quarter of play for this time. And West, one of the best shooters in basketball, kept hitting the back rim. There was one more game, in Boston, to make it all official, but the NBA season had finally ended in Los Angeles—the same way it always does.

It is Russell, of course, who makes Boston so terribly imposing, but Russell is mostly defense. Forgotten sometimes is the difficulty of trying to contend with the Celtics' kaleidoscope of offensive skills. Each NBA game consists of five different duels, and for every team in the league there is another that is somehow best suited to contain its personnel. Baltimore, for instance, lost to the lowly New York Knickerbockers eight out of 10 times this year because the Knicks have a front line that could handle Baltimore's strong forecourt—the source of its power. Better teams, like Cincinnati and St. Louis, did not match up so well against Baltimore's strength and lost more to the Bullets than they won. Yet both Cincy and St. Louis completely dominated New York. Similarly, St. Louis gives Los Angeles fits because the Hawks, as Schaus points out, are the one team with two corner men (Bill Bridges and Mike Farmer) and two guards (Richie Guerin and Lenny Wilkens) who can contain both Baylor and West better than most.

But no team is Boston's nemesis. The only real threat to the Celtics is a single

player, Wilt Chamberlain, whoever he plays for—because when Chamberlain faces Boston, Russell must concentrate on Wilt to the point that he is unable to help out his teammates on defense. Normally he not only covers his own man under the basket but is ready for whoever manages to pierce the outer perimeter of defense; against Los Angeles, he even went out past the foul circle to help double-team West a few times.

Boston matches up just fine against Los Angeles, because it has even better men than does St. Louis to handle West and Baylor. K. C. Jones and Tom Sanders. In the playoffs L. A. faced two especially tough match-up problems with the Celtics. First, with Frank Selvy retired and Barnett slowed by his groin injury, the Lakers had no way of containing Sam Jones, who has become the touchstone of the Boston attack. The Lakers' other problem was even more complicated, it baffles every team in the league. The man is John Havlicek, agile enough to play guard at 6 feet 5, and big enough to play forward, too. "As a corner man, he's the quickest in the league," says the Lakers' Rudy LaRusso.

"Put a little man on him, and he'll shoot over him, use a big man, and he'll drive." Los Angeles occasionally moved West underneath to guard Havlicek when he played the corner. "It isn't hard for me to do, but it puts me in a bad position for getting back on offense," West said.

Havlicek may see more of that strategy next year, because even he admits a quick small man like West is tougher on him than a slower big one. Late in the last game of the Philadelphia semifinals, the 76ers switched Hal Greer underneath to guard Havlicek and put 6-foot-6 Chet Walker outside on K. C. Havlicek scored only one point thereafter. Auerbach pooh-poohs this, however, as no more than an isolated incident. Also he knows that Boston gains—if not on offense, then on defense—when the opposition is forced to change its usual style through such match-ups. Actually Auerbach puts less emphasis on match-ups than other coaches do, which is not surprising considering that he has Russell for his equalizer and a varied and versatile cast that obliges the other teams to worry.

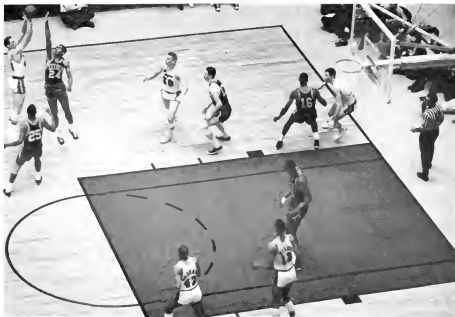
On the other hand, Auerbach gives a

great deal of attention to psychology. He has had the material for all of these championship icons, but it also is true that his outstanding players—Cousy, Shauman, Rumsey, Heinsohn, Russell—were or are intelligent, high-key, dominant types. Somehow, though, Auerbach has kept personality problems out of the locker room, and that has played an important role in Boston's remarkable record. When men like Fred Schaus say the Celtics keep getting better, they may be influenced in part by the fact that the Celtics have always been a happy team and are getting no less happy. When Captain Russell came by with the black Levi's for Coach Auerbach the afternoon of the important fourth game, the two men laughed merrily over how poorly Russell had played in the third game. Auerbach smiled knowingly when Russell left, well aware that this session had helped Russell relax. He held the Levi's up for size. "These will be good," he said. "It rains a lot in Boston and sometimes I like to go out and walk in the rain."

It never seems to rain indoors for Red Auerbach.

END

In a typical Boston defensive play K.C. and Sam Jones are able to double-team Jerry West while Bill Russell guards the lane and two Lakers





CLOWNING ROOMMATES Jim Bouton (top) and Phil Linz exemplify new Yankees. Here, Bouton lads harmonica-happy Linz, a bachelor, about his preoccupation with his appearance.

A NEW COMIC ACT IN NEW YORK

The once austere Yankees are now dedicated to fun. They got off to a bad start, but who's worrying?

by JACK MANN

Suppose this guy is running up a hill with a gun in his hand," said Tom Tresh. "He's charging the machine-gun nest single-handed, see? And just then he pulls a hamstring muscle."

"Yeah," said Phil Linz. "How come nobody pulls muscles but ballplayers?"

Mickey Mantle, sitting in the back of the New York Yankee bus on a hamstring muscle that hurt too much to charge first base, let alone a machine-gun nest, guffawed with the rest. The humor was low but spirits were high, which was impressive, considering that it was 3 a.m. and that the Yankees were a thousand miles away from where that wearying day had begun for them. In not much more than a week they had traveled from Puerto Rico to Fort Lauderdale to Jacksonville to Houston and now to Minnesota, but still there were laughs. Tony Kubek reviewed the "typical Appalachian stunt" by Steve Hamilton, who escaped from the wet fury of one lawn sprinkler by taking a long-legged leap into another one. Whitey Ford analyzed the rocks in Phil Linz's head that had gotten him into a "pickie" on the base paths and the luck that had gotten him out of it. The word "pickie" was leaped upon and judged pretty funny all by itself. The bus rolled merrily through the night.

The Yankees may be in trouble, the pundits are saying. They were losers in

spring training and after two chilling weeks of regular-season play they were under .500 and looking as though they belonged down there. But still there were laughs and an atmosphere of fun, the sign of a loose, tension-free ball club. One New York sportswriter asked, "Do you think there is such a thing as a team being too loose?" Not likely. "It's tough to laugh with a loser" was the pronouncement of Don Blasingame of the Washington Senators, who in his career has played for both winners and losers.

The principal trouble, as usual, is simply being The Yankees, who are forever obliged to equate the logical possibility of not winning the pennant with the sinking of a bar of Ivory soap at Prigter & Gamble. If you love a few games the critics start carping immediately. As it was with Joe McCarthy is now and ever shall be—except that now it is fun to be a Yankee. It wasn't always.

The evolution has been swift. Short years ago the Yankee clubhouse held all the carefree charm of a dentist's office. The sounds were the "What difference does it make?" of Mantle, the monomental grunt of Yogi Berra (which would be magically transformed into a funny malapropism in a column), the grim silence of Frank Crosetti, glowering with fine impartiality at the ball bug, the reporters or the new stock prospectus, the snails of Roger Maris about the sportswriters' "ripping me."

The Yankees have a picnic table in the middle of their spacious, wall-to-wall-carpeted clubhouse, and it used to be unwritten law that no "new" man (i.e., one with fewer than four World Series checks in the bank) could sit at it. Only a brash interloper like Ryne Duren dared to break it. The sportswriters counted the days until it was Ford's turn to pitch. Then they would have a player who would talk to them. In between, they would "write Stengel," because Stengel and only Stengel could or would say what he thought—or at least what he wanted to get printed in the papers, which were and are a tool of his trade.

Now there is a Crosetti who grins broadly at the elaborate pyrotechnics on the scoreboard in Houston's Astrodome, an extravagantly cheap gimmick



TEAM JESTER Joe Pepitone, who likes to laugh at himself, gets a big charge out of the personalized floor mats each Yankee found in front of his locker at the start of the season.

that he once would have denounced as "bush." There is a Marx who ties big black newspaper headlines unfairly labeling him a bar brawler and cracks only that "it knocked Vietnam off Page One and that ain't bad." There are second-year men who feel free to needle elders who are separated from the Hall of Fame only by time. There are personalities inside almost all the gray flannel suits. So sweeping has the metamorphosis been that the Yankees, almost to a man, doubt or deny that anything has changed.

"We always had fun," said Elston Howard. "The manager tells you to have fun."

The manager? Fun, except for himself, was never a principal component of Dr. Stengel's elixir, and indeed his overwhelming Presence was the factor that suppressed several now-burgeoning per-

sonalities. As for Yogi Berra, he more likely would have asked some of them to have just a little less fun. All Johnny Keane has been telling them is some things they didn't know, or hadn't thought of, about playing baseball. There has been only one other Yankee manager lately.

"Well, yes," said General Manager Ralph Houk, whose utterances for the record include almost as many implicit whereases as a Mel Allen opinion. "I told them you get a little more out of the game if you enjoy yourself. Of course, that can be taken two ways."

It can be, and it was. "Yeah, we're loose, I guess," one veteran said the other day. "But I don't see how we could be any looser than we were last year." (This is as close as the more candid of the Yankees come to admitting that they betrayed—the word is chosen carefully—

Yogi last year. One or two of the most candid, however, believe it was the management that made him a human sacrifice, cynically setting him up as a sort of visual aid in the cold war against that supernaturated Presence who was now plying his trade—and getting what he wanted in the papers—with the Mets. "I think they were afraid," the employee said, "of what the people would say if the Yankees didn't give Yogi a chance to manage.")

"What I meant," Houk explained, "is that when you get to the clubhouse you gotta be all baseball. But if you're scared to make a boot, you're likely to boot more. A certain amount of kidding doesn't hurt if it isn't overdone—if it's done in a professional way. If you kick one and you have a few guys get on you in a joking way, you get the word pretty good. You gotta keep loose and keep battling at it, you know? I mean if a guy pulls a rockhead move on the bases, and when he gets back to the dugout some guys needle him some, it's better than if they just sit there and don't say anything. He wouldn't know what they're thinking and that would tighten him up even more."

The Yankees had gotten the point. It was morning now and the bus was rolling toward Metropolitan Stadium in Bloomington, Minn., and the laughter was cascading from the rear seats. This was the day the bell rang, when the spring training charades were over and the play for pay began. Ford, the elder statesman, had summed it up in Puerto Rico eight days earlier. "Up to now," he said, "spring training is baloney. Yeah, you get in shape and all that, but those last days are when it really becomes important. This is when you have to get back in the habit of winning."

Somehow the habit had been slightly more elusive than usual. The Yankees had played three successive extra-inning games in Houston's Astrodome only to lose two of the three to the wretched, wretchedly named Astros. In all, they had lost 18 of 30 spring training games, a record that was one game worse than the previous spring's, which in turn was only half a game better than that of the year before. Johnny Keane said early in training. "The reason the Yankees lose games in the spring is that they don't play their good players." Coming into Minnesota for Opening Day, he admitted that the spring campaign had been



GRINNING ROGER BERRA, once notorious for his cold, humorless ways, was in relaxed this spring that he joked about newspaper headlines tying him to a barroom brawl.



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less than satisfactory. "I'd have liked to win some more games," he said.

The bus rolled between the piles of dirty snow into the stadium, and the laughter continued. The humor was obscure, but seemed to center on the jester Joe Pepitone, who specializes in Rabelaisian comedy. Well, it *had* been an unsatisfactory spring, but the club was still loose. Very loose.

The Yankees gave away a run in a ragged first inning, and Pepitone did another funny thing to start the second. He played Jimmy Hall's grounder off his chest and booted it halfway back to home plate. Two pitches later Hall had second stolen cleanly but the big jump he had on Jim Bouton, the pitcher, became academe when Bouton's pitch bounced wildly off the plate. Boh Allison hit a one-hopper to the left of Kubek, the shortstop. Hall, assuming Tony would make the play, prudently retreated toward second. This distracted Kubek just enough so that the ball got by him, but Hall's retreat to the base left him with no chance to score. He scored. The ball "stayed down" on the thawed tundra of the outfield and went under Tresh's glove in center.

That set the tone of the afternoon, and things went on that way. Arturo Lopez, playing left field for Mandle in the late innings, set up the winning run for the Twins by losing a fly ball as though he were still in the Astrodome, and the Yanks had dropped another one-run job, making five errors that were recorded.

The defeat hurt the Yankees' standing and the 15,388 attendance didn't do much for the exchequer, but Houk was damned if anything was going to damage the image he has been remodeling so carefully. He pronounced the atrocity "exciting." Then, in an aside to Rick Ferrell, the Detroit Tiger vice-president who had been a visiting fireman at the game, he said the worst error of the day never got in the book. "Bouton throwing that damned changeup to the pitcher," he grumbled. Bouton had indeed served a change, a veritable lollipop, to Jim Kaat, who hitched his swing and stroked a two-run single. A reporter agreed that the pitch wasn't exactly inspired and Houk reversed his field like nobody since Buddy Young was slim. "Well, Kaat's a pretty good hitter," he said. "You can't take chances with a guy like him."

Bouton is a thinker, and just about
a continued

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every one of those since Gaius Cassius has been suspect. One of the things he'd been thinking of all winter was that an alarming number of the alarming number of home run balls (32) he had thrown last year were hit by pitchers. "Gary Peters," he said. "Juan Pizarro," corrected his roommate, Lintz. "I don't think I was doing the whole job on the pitchers," Bouton said. "I wasn't concentrating on them. This time I was trying to work on Kaat."

Bouton concentrates on many things, including Lintz. Ball clubs don't pair on roommates by drawing numbers out of a hat. The old Brooklyn Dodgers figured that the placid Carl Erskine was a modulating influence on the then moody, volatile Duke Snider, and Gil Hodges had more than a little to do with the maturation of the red-necked Don Drysdale. Sandy Koufax' father is glad the tough, uncomplicated Carl Furillo was his son's shepherd in his tender years, and so on. But ball clubs never couple two "flakes." That can be like mixing nitric and hydrochloric acids.

All rules, however, are made to be broken. A less imaginative man than Yankee Traveling Secretary Bruce Henry might have hesitated to make an entry of Bouton and Lintz because both are qualified flakes. But keeping them apart would have been as insensitive as splitting Laurel and Hardy. Besides, it makes sense. Bouton is married and works at it; Lintz is a bachelor and works—nay, labors—at it. Bouton has a place for everything and everything in its place; Lintz is lucky his head is firmly attached. Bouton wakes up smiling; Lintz is a monster of frightful men in the morning.

Spud Murray, the Yankees' venerable batting practice pitcher, didn't seem the type, somehow, to be carrying an Ayn Rand book aboard an airplane, and he wasn't. It belonged to Lintz, who needs help with things like carrying books aboard planes. Bouton helps him all the time. The phone rang in their room one day, and Bouton answered. The alarm was the voice of Lintz. "Something different every day," Bouton said to a visitor as his roommate's voice crackled from the phone. Bouton put it down and went through the room like a house detective. "He thinks he lost his Little Black Book," Bouton explained. "I packed it in his suitcase, but he won't be satisfied unless I tell him I looked for it." The day before Lintz, an otherwise amiable sort,

continued



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Tournament	Playing Titleist	Record Competitor
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BISS CROSBY	30
LUCKY OLIVE	30
PALM SPRINGS	30
PHOENIX OPEN	28
TUCSON OPEN	28
PGA SENIORS	28
PONCAICOLA	27
DORAL	27
JACKSONVILLE	26
AZALEA	26
ORLANDO	25
MASTERS	25
TOTAL	485

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had vowed to reduce the city of Houston to oneness with Nineveh and Tyre. He had sent one of his custom-made shirts to the laundry with one cuff link attached and those stupid bush people had lost it. "He'll be all right after a cup of coffee," Bouton had said reassuringly, and Linz was.

The Boutons and Linzes are the people who were being seen but not heard around the Yankees a couple of years ago. There are others who weren't even

being seen. The fact that Cotton Deal, with only a little help, can knock off *The New York Times* Sunday crossword puzzle doesn't make him a superior pitching coach, but his stuff is appreciably happier than it was under some of Deal's predecessors, like the humorless Jim Turner or even the cool Johnny Sain, Jim Hegan, the bullpen coach, never could hit much as a big-leaguer, and Vern Benson, Keane's right-hand man, was only a transient in the majors, but they lend any team class just by being around. That's part of what has happened to the Yankees. The players don't know much about Keane yet, but they're mildly amazed at his baseball acumen, and that makes them gain. Gaining respect is only one part of being a manager, but it's the *love que* most.

There still will be grunts and snarls and silences in the Yankee clubhouse at times this year, because there will be troubles. The worst trouble, of course, would be a disabling injury to Mantle, who is as expendable to the Yankees as Roland was to Charlemagne at Roncesvalles. "I'll be able to run good after a couple of weeks," Mantle said just before the season began, and then ran good after two innings, pulled hamstring and all, to steal a hit from the Twins' Tony Oliva deep in left field. "I'll settle for the same number of games

[143] I played last year," he said. So would everyone, including the man who knows him best, Whitey Ford.

"I guess you could call him inspirational," said Ford, a pragmatist. "First of all, we know he scares the other pitcher. And when he's in there the guys play harder. Yeah, a kind of gratitude, I guess, but mostly they're ashamed not to, if he can play the way he's hurting."

If he can't, there's trouble. But they have Hector Lopez in reserve, and Hector

is the best part-time hitter in baseball. Or they might platoon Hector with Arturo Lopez (no relation), who bats left, throws left and thinks right. If Arturo Lopez can play major league ball, and it seems he can, he could turn out to be the folk hero the Yankees haven't had since they captured the Italians of New York in the '30s and '40s with Lazzari, Crosetti, DeMaggio and Rizzuto. Arturo is a Puerto Rican from The Bronx, and not the high-class kind of Bronx. He can tell you about the currents in the Harlem River around 138th Street because



NEW YORK BOY Arturo Lopez may turn out to be the local hero Yankees need.

he swam there or nowhere, and about the stigma he felt about going to Morris High School, where you were presumed guilty and there was almost no way to establish the innocence that might possibly get you transferred to a school like Stuyvesant.

Arturo is no kid. He tried for a time to get away with a faked "baseball age," but it didn't work. The Yankees already know that he never played professional ball until he was 24. He will be 28 years old this week, and he has served a four-year hitch of sea duty in the Navy and gotten married and sired four children and sold insurance and been a teller in a bank and begun studying law by mail and dropped a fly ball and blown his first big-league game and passed up the built-in alibis about sun

continued



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and wind and spongy field and said he blew the play.

You begin to understand Arturo when he tells you about his parents. His father repaired sewing machines and his mother sewed. "It was tough," he says, "but they didn't quit trying. They didn't go on welfare like the slobs. Now my father is a foreman, and now I have a shot and that's all I want. That's all I need, because I'm physically and mentally prepared to play this game."

Lopez is an American who describes himself as Spanish, as another would call himself Irish, refusing to deny his heritage or to consider it a disadvantage, and when he tells you something important his handsome face lights up. The eyes narrow and the straight white teeth set and the lips curl a little; he looks hard, a little cruel, the way Jean Lafitte or El Cid might have looked when something was very important. The physical you know about, because he is built like a lieguard, or like the middle-sized boxer he was, or like the guy who came up with a sore arm because he punched somebody in the mouth for a very good reason and dislocated his thumb a few days before he reported to his first professional baseball camp. When did he know he was mentally ready for big-league baseball? The black eyes glistened, sparkled.

"This morning," he said, "when Ralph Houk told me I had made the club, I still have a minimum contract, and I don't have the job for sure yet—they have to cut two men by May 12. But after what I've had to do, and what I've seen my father do, what the hell is tough?"

So the Yankees might have to play Artie Lopez, professional. Other terrible things could happen. The left side of the infield could hit a composite .223. Mares, for all his neo-jollity, might produce only 26 home runs. Tresh, for all his potential, might hit only .246. There might not even be a 20-game winner on the pitching staff.

But those were the things that happened last year, and the Yankees won the pennant last year and were in the World Series until the very last inning of the seventh game, when they made Bob Gibson sweat like a horse for the final out.

They might not be as lucky this year, but what the hell. They're nicer guys, and they won't finish last.

END

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AND UP A TANTALIZING HILL



Two driveways run up to the manor house on Prescott Hill in Gloucestershire, England, seat of the Bugatti Owners' Club. One, almost straight, is part of a Roman road. The other, interestingly curved, was laid out when the house was built 500-odd years ago, and is one of the best-known automobile hill-climb courses in the world. Half a dozen times a year, drivers who specialize in this strange and demanding form of motor sport assemble at Prescott to assault the hill, and they go up quickly indeed, the record at the moment being 48.18 seconds. They come down slowly, down the straight Roman road, through an apple orchard and around to the starting line for another try.

The next hill climb at Prescott occurs this weekend, and since I am living in England I hope to be among the first to arrive and the last to leave. As an admirer and owner of Bugattis and an occasional visitor to Prescott, I know that I will be able to see more race-worthy specimens of these extraordinary cars in action than I could anywhere else on earth.

Bugatti cars are no longer fast enough to be competitive at Prescott. The last time one broke a record was in 1946, and that was accounted a noble performance. Only slightly less noble was the feat of a Bugatti coupe I coveted at Prescott a couple of summers ago. It was a mere 9.1 seconds slower than the winning brand-new race car, worth perhaps \$15,000.

I saw that coupe early on the morning of the meeting. I had spent the night at The George, a small and ancient inn in Winchcombe, a village a little way from

Prescott. The door of the inn opens directly on the street, and I had come out for an early walk at about 7 o'clock. A low, lithe Bugatti of the late 1930s just then appeared at the end of the crooked, narrow street, traveling fast, the driver braked hard and shifted down smartly for a right-angle turn and rasped off toward the hill. Alone, in that setting, the car looked as it might have looked in 1938, whistling through a village in eastern France on the run to Paris from Molsheim, where the gifted and eccentric Ettore Bugatti commanded the construction of his motor cars. As the coupe disappeared, running with the taut gait characteristic of the make, nostalgia was, briefly, almost palpable.

Nostalgia probably is the base root of all old-car admiration. Nothing save a period-furnished ancient house—a Slatery Home—surpasses a fine motor car in evocation of the past and, to Bugattists, there is no other breed of car. They say that much more than nostalgia motivates them. Indeed, it can be argued that the Bugatti automobile is among the half dozen most intriguing we have known. If sociologically less significant than the Model T Ford, it is considerably more interesting than the Rolls-Royce. In variety Bugatti was supreme; no other designer has exceeded his range of some 55 models, running from an electrically propelled racing car for children to a dual motor carriage with the wheelbase of a London bus and priced at \$20,000 for the bare chassis.

Ettore Bugatti made sports cars, touring cars, Gran Turismo cars and racing cars, one type of which, winner of 1,045 events in 1925 and 1926, is still held by

continued

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HILL CLIMB

some to have been the most successful racing car of all time. Bugatti had much in common with Enzo Ferrari, the present-day builder of the great cars that bear his name—both Italians, former competition drivers, independent and autocratic. Bugatti is said to have refused to sell an automobile to King Zog of Albania because he didn't like the royal table manners, and he was inclined to be brutal in riposte to customers who complained of minor defects in his cars. He could also be kind and generous. He died in Paris in 1947 at the age of 66. The factory was disorganized, having been occupied successively by the Germans, the Canadians and the Americans. Since the war's end hardly a handful of cars have been made. They are undistinguished, outmoded in design and overpriced. Only Ettore Bugatti, it appeared, could produce a Bugatti automobile.

There is a deep-rooted schism between Bugatti owners who want to run their cars on the road and race them, too, if possible, and those who see them as irreplaceable artifacts that should be kept, ideally, in museums, and in dust-free rooms at that. About 6,000 Bugattis were made from 1910 to 1939, and 1,169 are extant, an extraordinarily high survival rate. The highest single group is in the hands of a French collector, Fritz Schlumpf. He has more than 100.

Racing tempts Bugatti owners because the cars do well against their contemporaries. A recent old-car race at the Bridgehampton course on Long Island is an example. Bugattis finished first, second, third and fourth. The first car to appear at the end of the first lap was a Type 51 Grand Prix Bugatti, the second was a little four-cylinder Type 37, and for the rest of the race no one could get near them.

Needless to say, their drivers were of the race-and-let-the-museum-fogies-be-damned persuasion, as are all who would conquer Prescott Hill. During the 27 years of the club's ownership of Prescott, the course and the estate proper have been steadily improved and refurbished. There is nothing about Prescott that is even vaguely reminiscent of the temporary, country-fair appearance that outstandingly characterizes most American race circuits. In its setting, green and climbing, with a view over a lovely valley, it is like the Watkins Glen course, but many more years have gone

continued



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The fellow on the right is golf pro Jack Burke, Jr. You know his friend, of course. When not golfing, he sings. They are both wearing Munsingwear's 2870 golf shirt. Made of Vycron® polyester and cotton mesh. Stays fresh-looking no matter what. Light as light. Adds comfort to your game. Try it next time you're out for tee formation. \$5

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into its making. It is a beautiful site and it is run with stunning efficiency.

The competitive hill climb is much more important in Europe than in the U.S., where the once-a-year Pike's Peak event alone attracts much attention. The hill-climb championships of Great Britain and of Europe are decided on a scheduled round of well-known venues, and attract specialist drivers many of whom compete seriously in no other category. Prescott was first used as a hill climb for members only in 1938, but since the war it has been, with Shelby Walsh and other famous hills, one of the sites on which the championship of Great Britain, sponsored by the Royal Automobile Club, is decided.

On meeting days, five times a year, two cars a minute howl up Prescott. They roll out of the paddock, where they have been parked in ragged rows under the apple trees while owners and, sometimes, mechanics made the last-minute adjustments. Many of them, frank racing cars, have to be push-started, two or three men and sometimes an ambitious girl running head-down behind the car along the narrow single path.

When a car rolls out of the paddock onto the paved road that leads up the hill, it will have been "scrutinized"—given a technical examination for safety's sake—and confirmed in the class for which it was entered, according to age, type, engine size, and had a number painted on its side. It will run past the Memorial Gate to the starting line opposite the timing pavilion. Here two officials take it in charge, one checking a rear wheel with a wooden wedge on a stick, to relieve the driver of the burden of keeping the car from rolling backward, the other seeing that it stops just short of the electric-eye timing beam. A red light announces the clearing of the course by turning to green, the starter gives a thumbs-up sign to the driver, who snaps his clutch out and pushes prayerfully on the accelerator. In moving the first three or four inches the car closes an electrical circuit and starts the 100th-second timer. The engine howls, a veil of blue smoke wreathes the rear tires as they spin—not too much, the driver hopes, or the car will just sit there for a precarious half second, and not too little, or it will not reach maximum acceleration. Knowledgeable spectators, numerous at Prescott, often

continued



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shrug and turn away before a car has gone 50 feet. "He's had it," they say, and they will be right more times than wrong: a trace of mismanagement, too much eagerness, too much caution, has taken a half a second off the driver's time, and he will not get it back.

However, to most of the 6,000 or 7,000 spectators who watch a Prescott meeting, a car leaving the line takes off like a fighter plane thrown down a carrier's catapult; in a really good getaway the car seems suddenly to disappear, vanishing in the blink of an eye under the arch of a small bridge a long stone's throw from the line; here a fast car will be accelerating past 70 miles an hour. Going into "Eltors's Bend," a hairpin corner which is part of an extension recently added to the original course, it will very nearly touch 100, a velocity that appears unlikely indeed to anyone who has walked the course and noted the narrowness of the road and the 180° reversal of direction at its apex. A short uphill straightaway leads to "Pardon Hairpin," a corner named for the tenant farm beside it. This is a steeply climbing left-hand 180° bend, quite impossible at anything over 20-22 miles an hour, a great pile of sand beside it serving as catchment for the unwise. Cars are accelerated violently out of Pardon along a gently curving road-way carved out of the side of a hill, through an S bend, around another hairpin, this of wider radius than the

first two, and into a short straight through the beam of the electric eye at the finish line. They have then only to brake quickly enough to keep from charging into Prescott House courtyard, turn and coast down the return road. When the first competitor is halfway up the hill the green light flashes on the starting line and another car screams away.

When men go motor racing accidents are inevitable, and at most Prescott meetings a car or two will spin or run off the course, but the level of competence of drivers is high, injuries are few and a fatality is a great rarity. Fire equipment, an ambulance and a hospital hut are at the ready. A call for doctors to look after a woman driver who had cut her forehead while loading her car on its trailer at one meeting was immediately answered by five assorted medics, but the girl's name had been announced, she was extraordinarily pretty, so perhaps the incident does not furnish a fair example. The marshals posted all along the course are expert in assaying ability, and a driver who demonstrates an excess of enthusiasm over skill is likely to find his entry firmly rejected the next time. If a car runs a wheel through the sandpiles strategically placed here and there and scatters sand on the road, men with push brooms will deal with it while exhaust smoke is still hanging in the air.

Prescott's efficiency is deceptive and underplayed. Anyone who sees such mo-

continued

CHARGING UP Prescott Hill in his Type 44 Bugatti roadster, W. M. Piersa strives for the subtle combination of foot, balance and timing that make a superior run. One slight mistake will ruin it.



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HILL CLIMB continued

tor racing is used to being badgered by officious policemen and guards, amateur and professional. Sebring in Florida and the Monza circuit in Italy are noted for this kind of bullying. At Prescott one may notice a bobby covertly checking the color of a lapel badge out of the corner of his eye, but I have not heard of anyone's being made to stand and deliver identification, and I have no doubt it would be thought a barbarism. Prescott's air is decorous and urbane, and if the officials are tolerant it is equally true that none among the spectators feel that



WARMING UP a rare Type 59, Owner W. A. Taylor and mechanic make final adjustments.

a 10-shilling paddock-admission ticket entitles the bearer to make loud noises or even to wear a funny hat.

To open a meeting, the mayor of Cheltenham, at five miles distance the nearest sizable town, will be driven separately up the course in his Armstrong Siddeley Sapphire. Just before Elthore's Bend, the car will stop at the foot of the gravel path leading to the Steward's Enclosure. The chauffeur will open the door and the mayor will be greeted by a welcoming committee, perhaps including B.O.C. President Eric Giles, Vice-President L. J. Roy Taylor and R. C. Symonds, chairman of the council, or Godfrey Eaton, the club secretary. Inside the enclosure, sherry and hors d'oeuvres will be served. Twenty minutes later the

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dles just about anything nature puts in its way...hills, snow, mud, even deep sand.

In short, this Wagoneer offers everything you want in a smart wagon: a husky V-8, Turbo Hydra-Matic® automatic transmission. Great power steering, power brakes. Lots of load space. Plus...the big extra of 'Jeep' 4-wheel drive! See your 'Jeep' dealer and test drive the 'Jeep' Wagoneer...one of the "Unstoppables"!

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10-EDD 1-CHD

mayor will depart down the hill, some other notable will drive a distinguished or historic car to the top and the course will be declared open.

It is a pretty sight from any vantage point—the brightly painted, improbably shiny toylike cars scattered around on the deep-green English grass, the show of flags of many countries lining the starting line and, in the middle ground, the blue Cotswold Hills. There is constant movement. People do not stand long in one place at Prescott. They move about, across the lawns, up the sloping meadow to look at the new loop of the circuit or, on the other side, along a woodland sort of walk. Shooting sticks are much seen, including the B.O.C. version, which is a big blue, gold and black umbrella as well. There are a small restaurant and a big bar, both busy. There are tiny, candy-striped ice-cream tents and a bigger one, a sandy-linen color, covering a discreet display of B.O.C. accessories: cuff links, blazers, car badges and the like. Whether the day is one of practice or competition—meetings are two-day affairs—a lunch interval is declared at one o'clock. There are picnics of varying degrees of elegance. At one meeting in May, one o'clock found me near the improbably erudite Laurence Pomroy, dean of the world's technical motoring journalists. "Come with us," he said, "and take some solids." The solids had been stowed in the boot of his Rolls-Royce, and we took them off the folding tables in the car. Nearby a four-foot-long wicker hamper, glossy with the varnish of many years, was opened to provide lobster and hock for six. A little way off in the paddock a redheaded schoolboy of about 13, who had pitched a bedroll and a tiny pup tent neatly under a tree, was spooning briskly through a cold can of curried baked beans and raisins.

Before 2 o'clock unmuffled engines were running, and not long afterward the first car went up the hill, its driver staring ahead with the curiously desperate but restrained air of a man who knows he cannot do what he is trying to do—make a perfect run up Prescott. Like some other games that appear to be childishly simple—for example, lawn bowls and curling—hill climbing is subtly and fiendishly difficult. It is perhaps the purest form of motor racing. In a 200-mile Grand Prix race or a five-day mountain rally a driver may make two or three little mistakes, compensate for

continued



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HILL CLIMB continued

them later and go on to win. In a hill climb one mistake ruins the run. And nothing can be covered up. Every foot of the course is under observation—indeed, there are places where scrutiny is so close that a spectator can look into the cockpit and see how many revolutions a minute the engine tachometer is showing.

"Hill climbing is potentially the most dangerous form of motor racing," Tony Marsh told me a few minutes before he broke the Prescott course record, "because you're going flat-out the whole time. If you run the least bit slower than your absolute flat-out maximum you'll fail, and that means that you're on the ragged edge of losing the car all the way up the hill. On the other hand, anything that happens is your own fault; there are no other competitors running beside you to louse you up."

Mere possession of nerve enough to flatten the accelerator pedal is not enough; the car in which Marsh did his 48.84-second run—since reduced to 48.18 by Peter Boshier-Jones—can be geared to do 180 miles an hour, and a heavy foot would merely put it off the course before it was out of sight of the starting line. An intimate knowledge of the hill, balance, timing and a full complement of driving skills are required to bring a man even close to a respectable time up Prescott. And once close, once within sight of the eternally elusive perfect run, they will come back again and again, whether they're running for fun or trying for the British Hill Climb Championship. They come year after year. They come every time the course is open, for a regular meeting or a closed members' event, to take their practice runs and their two under the timer. They talk about the paddock peering at other cars, looking for the odd modification that may be giving another man half a second or a fifth. In the purpling dusk one may see three or four of them standing clustered around a great boxy Type 46 Bugatti or eight-liter Bentley, using the opened hood lid as a table, having a drop of Scotch, staring now and then at the silent, stubborn hill, impatient for tomorrow and another go at it. The hill will always be there, and I am sure that long after the last Grand Prix Bugatti, spurning well-deserved rest in a museum, has screamed to the top of it, the B.O.C. will still be sending cars up, one every 30 seconds.

END

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PEOPLE

What is 4 feet 11½ inches tall, wears a pink sweater, black slacks and lavender sneakers and runs around the reservoir in Central Park at least once a week? An opera singer. **Elaine Malbin** (below), who runs to improve her breath control, says she must "get back in shape" after a European trip, particularly since her next engagement is in Colorado. "Singers often get dizzy and breathless until they acclimate to the altitude," says Miss Malbin. "It happened to me before in Denver." Miss Malbin had better make that two laps around the reservoir. Denver's altitude is 5,280 feet; Central City, where she will do Massenet's *Maison* for eight weeks, is 8,560 feet up.

One of the best-known of those footsore winners of a consolatory beef stew at the Boston Marathon was Dr. **Erich Segal**, playwright and Yale professor. How did Professor Segal escape from his Monday class to run? Simple. He scheduled an exam and had a proctor conduct it. Segal passed his own personal exam—the 26 miles 385 yards in 2:57:36.



Representative **Charles Welfert**, Democratic Congressman from Atlanta and a man of commendable energy, built a tree house for his four children. Very soon he got an apparently clairvoyant letter from a small constituent. "Please send me tree-house plan," the letter said. Congressman Welfert consulted the Library of Congress for some good tree-house plans and found it had none, so he sketched his own plan and sent it to the young man. The boy built the tree house. His friends saw it and wanted tree houses of their own. Word spread and demand grew. Now, with the spring rush on, Welfert is mimeographing the sketched plan and sending a copy to any boy who requests one. "Tree-house building is good grass-roots politics," says Congressman Welfert.

Jack Nicklaus has been named Sportsman of the Month by the Chunky Candy Corporation. He will receive, as his award, a year's supply of candy bars. Old Nick candy bars.

Last place in the first-ball league: Mayor **Tom Johnson** of Thomasville, N.C., scheduled to open the Thomasville Hi-Toms' Western Carolinas League season, got his sign, wound up and threw. Unfortunately, he threw wide—way wide. Hit by pitched ball. **Sharon Finch**, Miss North Carolina, while talking with a television sportscaster well out of the normal strike zone.

Robert Wagner's requisition for a fourth term as mayor of New York just might not be filled quite as mechanically as the previous three. **Jackie Robinson**, a tradition-breaker in baseball, too, "scored incredibly well" in a poll conducted recently by the New York Young Republican Club.

Dr. **Harvey C. Bunkle**, new president of Western Washington State College, is an avid skier and mountaineer, a sailor and island explorer. He also zips

down the sidewalk in front of the presidential residence on a skateboard. The Blue Bird branch of the Camp Fire Girls should have been forewarned. When Dr. Bunkle and 9-year-old daughter Christine were invited to participate in the Blue Birds' annual kite-flying contest, the Bunkle team not only won but put kites up in still air and conducted them through aerial acrobatics. Turns out that Bunkle, when he was a young faculty member at the State University of Iowa, spent many hours with students applying theories of aerodynamics to kite-flying and construction. The Blue Birds had been had by pros.

Four-year-old **John Kennedy** won his first skiing championship. Competing at Stratton Mountain on Easter Sunday, John-John collected more Easter eggs than any other contestant. "He got a whole sackful," said an official of the egg hunt on skis.

Jim Norris, millionaire owner of the Chicago Black Hawks, was sitting around playing 10¢ limit seven-card stud with some hock-

ey writers. "Jim, were you really serious about the million-dollar offer you made for Frank Mahovlich?" asked one writer, looking up from his cards. "I certainly was," Norris said. "I'll tell you something else. Right now I'd give Toronto a million and a half for Mahovlich and Bob Pulford." The writers looked impressed. "It's your call," said one finally. "The bet's a dime." Norris checked his cards, then tossed them away. "Not worth it," he said.

The name was the same. The physical resemblance was startling. His moves revived memories among oldimers. **Lawrence Peter Berra** caught a flawless game, threw out a would-be base stealer and drove in the winning run. There the similarity ended. Montclair (N.J.) Academy's 15-year-old catcher batted right-handed. And Yogi's son used a Canelo Carreon mitt.

*The Prince of Wales
With other nates
Rode out to play some polo.
As mother cheered
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Some bright, icy birds challenge clay pigeons

Colorful ice targets that can be quickly frozen may replace clay pigeons and bring down the high cost of trap and skeet shooting

In the years since the clay pigeon first took to the air in the 1860s, trap and skeet shooting have become so popular in the U.S. that in 1964 more than 100,000 shotgunners plunked down \$50 million to bang away at 300 million targets. Yet, oddly, the very growth of these shotgun games has been inhibited by the high cost and the unreliability of clay targets. Now, thanks to three inventors from Buffalo, targets made of ice and colored with glistening fluorescent dyes (opposite) may have a profound effect on the clay-target market and revolutionize shotgun shooting.

These unique ice pigeons meet all of the clay-target specifications for size, shape and flight characteristics. Furthermore, they not only break as easily as clays when hit by a load of shot but they shatter in a burst of brilliant color in sunlight or under floodlights at night, and their tracerlike trajectories make ice pigeons easier for shooters to pick up and follow. More important, ice pigeons help to bring down the high cost of target shooting. Explains co-inventor John C. Kaluzny, a former New York state skeet champion and a process engineer: "Neither the American Trap Association nor the National Skeet Shooting Association specifies that targets be made of clay. And who needs it? Clay is expensive and as fragile as glass. The slightest crack or chip renders a clay target useless, and whole cases of clays are frequently damaged in shipping or handling before they ever reach the trap or skeet house. All these problems and many others would be eliminated by manufacturing ice targets quickly and

economically with refrigeration units installed right in trap and skeet houses."

Kaluzny and his partners—David Meyer, a mechanical engineer who did most of the designing, and Richard E. McPherson, a government contract administrator—spent almost three years developing the idea. Their ice-target-making machine will turn out perfect ice pigeons as fast as any trap or skeet squad could want them. By the inventors' conservative estimate, shooting clubs that install ice machines could offer shotgunners four rounds of ice pigeons for the same price as they now pay for one round of clays.

Ice pigeons have other inherent advantages. No longer will trap or skeet fields be littered with piles of clay-target debris. With the first breath of warm air, ice-pigeon fragments melt and soak into the ground. Chemically inert dyes preclude any danger to vegetation, birds or animals. Clubs need not invest a sizable chunk of money in clay-target inventory. Says Dick McPherson: "The whole idea is really rather simple. Flexible molds on a conveyer belt are filled with precisely metered amounts of water and dye and passed through freezing chambers. The frozen targets are then released from the molds and fed directly from the machine onto the throwing arm of the trap, one at a time."

The machine produces only uniform targets. "The secret," says McPherson, "is in the molds, which allow frozen targets to pop out undamaged." No longer will shooters be unnerved by damaged clays that disintegrate when ejected from the trap. And on hot days

a melting target automatically will be dropped from the throwing arm and immediately replaced with a new one.

Water is supplied to the target-making machine through reservoir tanks or a permanent system of pipes. A few gallons go a long way. "There are about four liquid ounces to a target," says McPherson, "and at least 32 targets to the gallon. We may eventually be able to increase that figure." Color dyes can be altered to suit the lighting conditions and backgrounds. With only a few minor adjustments any automatic trap machine can be converted to throw ice pigeons.

The inventors have patented their machine and have a patent pending on the target. What they do not yet have is a working model. Explains McPherson: "We hope to sell the whole package to a manufacturer in the sporting arms and ammunition industry." McPherson does not expect to make clay targets obsolete overnight. Serious shotgunners competing in registered shoots may be reluctant at first to switch from clay to ice, and for the thousands of occasional shooters who throw clays with inexpensive hand traps, ice pigeons are impracticable. The inventors may even have some competition from the Japanese, who are trying to find an economical method of remolding broken clays into new targets, and from at least one U.S. manufacturer who is working with new materials that could be molded instantaneously into targets in trap and skeet houses.

Even though ice pigeons are not yet available to shooters, McPherson and his partners are already dreaming up ways to improve them. "We hope to make our targets scream by putting indentations or vents into the molds," says John Kaluzny. "It would add more excitement to shooting and make it easier for referees to call dead or lost birds in registered shoots." The inventors may even try to take the bang out of shooting by developing some sort of "silent shotgun" loaded with a secret ingredient that would break ice targets. "The day may come," says Kaluzny, "when it will be possible to shoot trap and skeet at drive-in ranges right in the middle of town without disturbing the neighbors." **END**

Who said the Offy was dead?

Not Jim McElreath—he scored with the old banger at Trenton

Trenton is a grim, battleship-gray town that announces itself—at the entrance to the New Jersey State Fair Grounds—as the Indianapolis of the East. Its annual spring 100-mile auto race is billed as an out-of-town opening for the Memorial Day 500. It offers some of the same cars and their all-star drivers. There are the familiar cannon bursts overhead, the bunting, the balloons and the hot dogs that taste faintly of cardboard. Finally, Trenton hints that the driver who wins the warmup will be the man to beat at Indy. Much of this is valid promotion. But if that last part is valid, a lot of folks at Ford Motor Company are going to lie down and cry.

Last Sunday at Trenton, 21 cars started and 12 finished a race that proved 1) auto racing is still the marvelously mixed-up, unpredictable sport it has al-

ways been, 2) it promises to be just that sort of Indy, and 3) yes, traditionalist, there will always be an Offenhauser.

For a while Sunday the 22,350 fans at Trenton's one-mile blacktop track indeed seemed to be viewing a preshrunk Indy. There was the fastest qualifier, 1964 Indianapolis winner A. J. Foyt, sitting on the pole in a low, wide white car. It was a beelied-up 1964 Lotus with a new four-camshaft Ford engine mounted close behind Foyt's head, spaghetti-like exhaust pipes curling above. Beside Foyt was fellow Texan Jim McElreath in a glittering metallic maroon 1964 Brabham, also much reworked by Owner Jack Zink, and with an old reliable Offy stinger in the tail. In the third starting position was Rodger Ward, 44 years old and a two-time Indianapolis winner, with his 1964 Watson-Ford, equally revamped. Angry about the way his car was functioning, he said, "I feel just like the grapes of wrath." Also, he had forgotten to bring his special thin-soled racing shoes and was wearing a pair of \$3 sneakers he had bought at the Trenton Sears & Roebuck. Other prime Indy contenders lined up behind them: veterans Bud Tingelstad (Halibrand-Ford) and Don Branson (Offy roadster), the racy newcomer Mario Andretti (Offy roadster).

The familiar crew of Ford Motor Company officials was at trackside to see Ford man Foyt leap away to a commanding early lead. First he had to overtake Offenhauser man McElreath, a 37-year-old charger who then raced swiftly and smoothly in second place. Ford man Ward held steady in third place, threatening McElreath in the turns. Then

it began to shower, and things began to go to pieces.

By the 33rd lap Foyt was in the pits. He climbed out of his car, into his parka, and shrugged. A rear suspension part had broken, he explained unconcernedly. On the track Rodger Ward's car had gone out with a burst of smoke. A fuel line had pulled loose.

By the 40th lap, the field was thinning fast, and only Offenhauser-powered cars remained—except for one maverick Chevrolet-engined machine.

McElreath rode on to victory, with Andretti making brave but futile dashes at him in the corners. The speed of the race had hit 106.824 mph when Foyt led, but it dropped into the 90s and finally averaged out at 97.184 mph. At 87 laps, with the rain thickening, the race was halted and McElreath was flagged into the winner's circle.

"I was playing it real cautious," he said. "The track was slick, and I am just glad nobody got hurt."

The only thing hurt was Ford's pride. The engines seemed to be running late, but at Trenton and elsewhere the people using them were finding nasty bugs in other hardware. Attempting to qualify at Trenton, Lloyd Ruby, for example, smacked a wall with his Halibrand-Ford when the throttle linkage jammed. This was the latest in a series of such throttle hangups in new Ford-powered cars.

"We have hicked everything in racing but these damned imponderables," said a Ford spokesman. "We have an engine that turns out 475 to 500 hp, as compared with 440 or so for the Offies. In theory the Offenhauser cannot outperform us. There is no way they can outperform us. But look at today."

Foyt, while running, had broken the track records at 10, 20 and 30 laps. But no Ford had finished, and you can't very well heat the Offies that way. Ford certainly did not view Trenton as an Indy preview, but as a bug eradicator, and with such superstars as Parnelli Jones and Scotland's Jimmy Clark ready to join Foyt and Ward in Ford-powered racers in the Indy lineup, Dearborn should be the heavy favorite on May 31.

The boys with the flit-guns haven't a moment to lose, though. There's life in the Offy yet, and from the look of the wide smile on McElreath's wide face at Trenton, big Jim has a little maroon bug that will take a powerful lot of spraying away.

ENO



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You're nobody till somebody hates you

And the somebodies of the pro tour can be excused if they are becoming peevish, for the nobodies are making the headlines and getting rich

The foolishness began on a Saturday in late January when three million fresh-broven golf fans, keen for a glimpse of Arnold Palmer and sunlight, squinted into their television sets and saw Rocky Thompson instead. He was a young man wearing a sweater, a cap and the apologetic grin of a nobody who had somehow taken the third-round lead of the Bing Crosby National Pro-Amateur. The question occurring to everyone, of course, was: Rocky Tom who? "Rocky Thompson of Wichita Falls," the announcer assured the world. "There you have him. He leads this tournament by two shots over Bob Harris and Harold Kneedee!" *Harris? Meenee*, did he say? It was exactly then, in that moment of

snapping rabbit ears, angrily twisted vertical knobs and kinked-in 27-inch screens, that the PGA tour of 1965 started to look as much like itself as Tuesday Weld looks like the Queen of England.

In the weeks that have followed—except for the rare one recently when Jack Nicklaus won the Masters over Gary Player and Palmer—the tour has seemed to be dominated by names usually found among those who miss the cut at the Cajun Classic. Unknowns have won five of the 15 major tournaments that have been played. The current list of the top 25 money winners, compared to a year ago at the same time, reads like the Des Moines phone book. Only five of 1964's top 30 money winners have managed

to win. The closest competition in years is under way for places on the Ryder Cup team, which will be selected in mid-August. You know it has to be close if a man named Jack McGowan—not Litter, Wall or Ford but *McGowan*—is in contention. Finally, Homero Blancas, a rookie pro who was primarily distinguished two weeks ago on Sports Network's telecast of the Houston Claret by a pair of ballooning trousers that could have carried David Niven around the world in 80 days, has set a new PGA record for prize money in his first tournament. Moored to earth at Houston, Homero won \$2,425, tying for seventh as if he were fully expected to do so.

The newspaper headlines have said it best. There was, for example, the drama of the Lucky International at San Francisco. Dickinson, Montgomery, Baird, McGowan and Archer share first-round leads. One had to assume that this added up to Gardner Dickinson, who is a somebody, plus an obscure law firm from Sausalito. It was Archer, a lean newcomer who had labored as a cowboy to get some hooking for the tour, who eventually won.

After that came the Bob Hope Desert

continued



AMONG THE HOT YOUNG NO-NAMES IS THIS EXPRESSIVE TRIO: FROM LEFT: HOMERO BLANCAS, BERT YANCEY, BILLY MARTINDALE

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Classic at Palm Springs, another study in frustration for the established players. **BEARD TAKES DESERT LEAD**... **PARKEY, THURSK TIED THROUGH SECOND ROUND**. No, "Kermit Zarley," said Bob Hope. "With that name he must be the pro from the moon." No one could even think of a planetary deposit for Stan Thursk. Billy Casper was the winner at Palm Springs, but not until young John Lotz dazzled spectators with the two most original back-to-back rounds of the year: 83-63.

NEST WAS PHOENIX: BERT YANCY CHARGES TO FRONT AT 54... **FUNNETH WINS!** Funneth? The sort you can clear up with a penicillin shot? No, Rod Funneth, 32, a long hitter from Spokane and a club pro who had finally made good. So it went through Tucson, Pensacola and Doral where: **DOUG SANDERS WINS, GLOVER THIRD, DILL FOURTH**. Randy Glover and Terry Dill, not from picking guitars on *Hulloholoo* every Tuesday night but from Cherau, S.C. and Muleshoe, Texas. And Jacksonville. **BERT WEAVER'S 285 WINS**. On and off the tour for nine years, Bert Weaver, 33, had proved that patience is the next best thing to a well-honed wedge. And the Azalea. **HART WINS IN R-HOLE SEEDS DEAD!** Slammer! Sam Hart! Not exactly. Duck Hart, a 28-year-old club pro from Hinsdale, Ill. (an up-to-date footnote on him is that he immediately went back to his pro shop). Perhaps the somebodies of the PGA tour were vanishing like caddies. Not so, said Julius Boros at the Masters. "You always see a lot of unknowns popping up on the winter tour. Wait until the warmer weather. The older, experienced players will begin to come on."

Like, say, at Houston. **YANCY BLUES BLANCAS BY SROKE**... **YANCY, MARTINDALE TIED AT 35**... **YANCY SHARES THIRD-ROUND LEAD**. Or the Texas Open last Sunday. **BEARD WINS BY 3!** Fortunately, for sanity's sake and perhaps for the sake of future tournament sponsors, the Houston title was taken by PGA Champion Bobby Nichols. a name! And though it was true that many of the 1965 winners had actually been recognizable—Nichols, Casper, Nicklaus, Sanders, Crampton, Harney—it was equally true that the news had not been controlled by them. For the first time in years, nobodies were mixing up the established order of golfdom.

This change in the goldenrod of the tour happened rather suddenly, but could

have been predicted. The money to be made is now so big—\$3.5 million in purses alone—that a player can remain in total obscurity and still earn from \$15,000 to \$20,000 a year, including endorsement contracts. "It is," as one pro puts it, "more than a young man can make behind a desk." With that in mind, the teen-age and college golfers of the last five years went out behind tee sheds from Muleshoe to Medicine Hat and began casually hitting 210-yard five-irons at the feet of an immobile shag boy.

Yes, 210 yards, for there has always been new talent coming onto the PGA tour, but it has taken another factor to make the young nobodies become contenders so fast—namely, muscles, brain-washed with eight years of Palmer's hit-it-hard philosophy ("You used to want to grow up to be a sweet swinger," says Billy Maxwell, with a mixture of envy and moonfulness), they do exactly that. They drive the ball from hall to town, and reach for the pitching wedge. What the pros call "talent shots"—three-quarter irons, delicate hooks and fades—will always be valuable, but the PGA tour courses are designed for big hitters. It is, if you like, the era of home-run golf, with Nicklaus in the current role of Babe Ruth and seeds of Hank Greenberg coming up behind him.

Gary Player, a man with a deep regard for muscles, left the tour for six months last fall and winter and, consequently, he had a fresh eye for things this spring. Asked if he noticed any change, he said: "I have never seen so many big, young golfers who can really play. I'm telling you, any one of them can beat you. And, mark my words, there will be more and more of them. Every time I make a personal appearance in some town I am being introduced to a 6-foot-5 boy who has just broken a course record and is headed for the tour."

So, though the somebodies may pretend it is just a phase, they realize full well that the nobodies are going to have to be watched. Here are the ones to watch right now:

- **Bert Yancy**, 26, 6 feet 1, 190. Born in Chipley, Fla., Yancy plays out of Philadelphia. He was once a cadet at West Point, but after his third year there he suffered a nervous breakdown, spent four months in a hospital and received a medical discharge. More of a swifter than a hitter, Yancy is deliberate and stylish, but gets great lengths off the tee.

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GOLF continued

He has been in serious contention for two titles—Phoenix and Houston. Says Dave Marr: "A helluva player. Lot of guts. Typical of the young ones. He's 26, which means that when golf was really getting popular around 1955 he was 16 and watching it on television and thinking one day he'd like to be out here. Here he is."

• Billy Martindale, 26, 6 feet, 175. Like Bobby Nichols, Martindale is a graduate of Texas A&M and frequently is annoyed by shouts of "Gig 'em, Aggies" on his backswing. A natural athlete, he was an All-State high school quarterback and at the age of 10 was a national skeet shooting champion in spite of 20/200 eyesight. ("He wore contact lenses until all that sand from traps started getting in his eyes," his mother recalls.) Bareheaded, talkative and gum-chewing, he has been a contender in no less than four tournaments this year and has banked over \$10,000. "I must have played in 200 amateur tournaments," says Billy. "That helped prepare me for the tour." Impressed with Martindale, Billy Maxwell says, "He hits it hard. These kids ain't afraid of nuthin'. They start out swingin' hard, instead of just tryin' to swing good."

• George Archer, 25, 6 feet 6, 190. Taltest player on the tour, Archer came with splendid amateur credentials. He won the Trans-Mississippi and was a semifinalist in the U.S. Amateur in 1963. One year ago, as a rookie, he led the Carling World Open through two rounds. Backed on the tour by Eugene Selvig, on whose ranch in Gilroy, Calif. he cowboied, Archer's victory in the Lucky International suggests that his big swing and good-natured grin will be around for quite a while. "He is taking advantage of the times," says Jay Herbert. "There is more money available from sponsors to put a player on the tour now. I had to work for nine years in a pro shop before I could go out. I was 21 before I ever saw a good player hit a shot. A 5-year-old kid can sit by the TV now and see the best."

• Terry Dill, 25, 6 feet 3, 195. Not long ago he claimed to be raising barbed-wire fences for \$1.40 an hour in Muleshoe. As strong off the tee as Jack Nicklaus, Dill is far from being as consistent. He is, however, one of the most colorful newcomers since Jimmy Demaret were tasseled berets. In his first Masters three weeks ago, Dill argued his way out of a

two-stroke penalty for slow play, explained that he no longer wore his big-brimmed planter's hat because a PGA official did not think it looked dignified, and calmly announced to a corps of newspaper writers that Muleshoe's greens were better than those at Augusta National. "But you got to remember," added Terry, "there ain't many greens in the world better'n those at Muleshoe." Dill won \$16,289 last year on the summer tour, once he had overcome the advice he was getting from the regulars. "They almost helped me right off the tour," he says, grinning. "When this kid gets everything going at the same time, watch out," says Byron Nelson. "Man alive, he's got nerve."

• Frank Beard, 25, 6 feet, 165. Another long hitter, he has not been especially well remembered for winning the Frank Sinatra Open at Palm Springs in 1963, his first year on the tour. Last year a near-fatal attack of encephalitis kept him off the tour until May. But, epitomizing the undaunted newcomers, he won \$21,000 from there on, and has earned \$26,000 so far this year in official and unofficial money. Born in Dallas, Beard grew up in Louisville, and like another Louisville athlete, Cassius Clay, he got his professional start thanks to a syndicate of local businessmen, which put up \$5,000 for him to try the tour.

• Homero Blancas, 27, 5 feet 10, 180. The son of the maintenance superintendent at Houston's River Oaks Country Club, Blancas is one of those former University of Houston golf stars. (Fifteen former Houston players are now tour regulars.) Long enough, straight and steady, Blancas is just out of the Army and belatedly starting his pro career. Once, on a regulation-length course in Longview, Texas, he shot a 55, the lowest competitive round in the annals of U.S. golf. "If he doesn't make it, it can't be made," says Jimmy Demaret. "A lot of these young ones can play, but Homero can really play."

Those six are just a sample. "There's a bunch of 'em out here now who can hit it a ton," said Bobby Nichols the other day, "and with most of the courses tailored for power hitters a youngster has a lot in his favor." Nichols should know. He is 29, 6 feet 2, hits it a ton and until three years ago he was a nobody, too. But a nobody can become somebody very fast.

END



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BOATING/Hugh Whall

A race in king-size dinghies

Navy's 44-foot yawls (below) are really ocean racers, but they are enough alike to provide a brisk round-robin regatta for 10 college crews

Intercollegiate sailboat racing is a sport that is usually pursued in 10- to 12-foot dinghies—tippy cockleshells that hold two, or at best three, sailors and carry a handkerchief-sized scrap of Dacron on their single masts. Nevertheless, college competition has produced some of the best racing sailors in the country, and some 80 of them got a chance to prove it on Chesapeake Bay two weeks ago when the U.S. Naval Academy served as host for the first annual John F. Kennedy Memorial Regatta. Crews from both coasts, from Florida and from the Great Lakes were there to compete against each other in a unique series of three round-the-buoys races. The "dinghies" they raced in, however, were no little 10-footers but relatively huge 44-foot ocean-racing yawls.

Actually nobody but the U.S. Navy could have staged such a race, because nobody but Uncle Sam, in all likelihood, is rich enough to have a one-design fleet of such proportions in his private an-

chorage. Starting with three boats, designed and built by Luders in 1939 at a cost to U.S. taxpayers of \$13,000 apiece, Navy's fleet of yawls now numbers 12—nine wood, three fiber glass—all virtually identical, except the glass are auxiliary-powered, the wood are not.

There is an old saying that anyone who can sail a dinghy can sail anything, but there is considerable difference between handling a boat with two masts and a thousand square feet of working sail and a boat spreading a mere 60 feet. Understandably, the Navy was pretty careful about checking out the sailors who would race its expensive toys around the bay. First off, their qualifications were examined by whatever regional branch of the nationwide Intercollegiate Yacht Racing Association their college belonged to. And as a final check, the Navy put an observer aboard each boat with the power to take command in mid-race if need be.

Much as the taxpayers might appreci-



ate these precautions, they were not entirely necessary. Each collegiate skipper was as careful as the Navy itself to choose experienced hands just to give him a better chance in the race. Harvard's Ned Butler selected his crew with the care of a Carleton Mitchell getting set for Bermuda. A topflight small-boat sailor, Butler himself has a wealth of blue-water experience, including two Bermuda Races. Of the nine crewmen who served under him one, Butler's roommate, Bill Calbeen, has two Honolulu races behind him, plus a pair of Bermuda Races; another, Kenny Burns, Butler's foredeck boss, served aboard Ted Hood's 12-meter *Yankee* last year as No. 2 foredeck man.

Butler didn't pick any crewmen for their skill in dinghies alone. "It's a matter of how a person reacts on a big boat," he explained. "No matter how good he may be, a dinghy sailor does not know the little tricks about a big boat—where to sweat on a line to get maximum effect, for instance."

Most of the college sailors in the other crews had also had time on ocean-racing boats. Although he is a Snipe champion, Scott Allan, the 18-year-old skipper from the University of Southern California, has done a lot of racing on his father's ocean racers *Holfer* and *Holiday Two*. James (Windy) Sherry, who skipped Detroit's Wayne State crew, has sailed in the Mackinac race and crewed aboard 50-footers. The crews

from the University of Michigan, Babson Institute, Florida State, Tulane, Drexel Institute and Webb Institute in Glen Cove, Long Island, all listed ocean veterans in their rosters. And, of course, Navy's sailors feel as much at home in their big boats as they do in their bunks.

For this reason if no other, it surprised nobody when Navy crossed the line first in the first race of the series. Wayne State was second, Michigan third and Harvard a poor fourth. After the first race all the crews switched boats, and Harvard did a little better. Starting slowly but gaining momentum, she finished third. At the end of the second race, most of which was dogged by fluky winds and currents, Navy and Wayne State were tied for the lead at 18 points apiece, with Harvard and California each one point behind.

By the last day nerves were raw on all four boats, particularly the Navy entry. With a boatload of captains, admirals and commanders observing from the academy's big 71-foot yawl *Rorono*, poor little Midshipman M. S. Davis knew that he must win, or sandy naval brass, all of whom had doubtless been itching to take the helm themselves, would want to know the reason why. He made a good start, along with USC, while Harvard sloughed off below the fleet, making her chances of doing anything seem as dismal as the sky.

At the windward mark, however, things changed considerably. Wayne was clearly out in front, with Babson a surprising second, Harvard third and Navy nowhere. At the second mark the order remained the same, but at the third, while Wayne and Babson had trouble getting their sprinklers down for the final windward leg, Harvard doused its chute smartly, rounded the mark and sailed into the lead. The order never changed after that, and at the end of the 15-mile course Harvard crossed the line to win the first Kennedy Cup.

For the assembled Kennedys on hand—Senator Ted, his wife Joan, his sister Eunice Shriver and assorted children—it couldn't have happened to a nicer college, and as far as Harvardman Kennedy himself was concerned it would be only the first of many Kennedy Cup victories for Harvard. After presenting the silver cup to Skipper Butler in his late brother's name, the Senator nodded at his obviously pregnant sister, a champion Hyannisport sailor herself. "Eunice here," he told the crowd, "is about to give birth to the skipper who will win this cup again 18 years from now." **END**



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Deodorant Soap





The basic fallacy of the Trials

In most sports it is considered the duty of the columnist who writes as an expert to give a frank opinion of the needs and weaknesses of the home team. In bridge, however, there seems to be considerable reluctance about criticizing the makeup of an American team once it has been selected to represent us in the World Bridge Championship.

I refuse to join this conspiracy of silence. I am certainly going to be rooting for our team when they play in Buenos Aires this month against Italy, Great Britain and Argentina but, frankly, our prospects for bringing back victory are not very bright.

Perhaps there was no actual dancing in the streets of Rome and London when the result of our Team Trials in Dallas became known late last year, but no one was unhappy. The team that will represent us is a fair one—it would have to be when its pairs finished one, two, three in a grueling competition—but it is not the best we could muster. I do not see how it can hope to defeat either Italy or Britain, so I fear that for the first time in World Bridge Championship play we will finish no better than third.

In theory, the Trials by which we select our international teams are a fine idea. The pairs who take part are those that have fared best in the major events of the preceding year. Each pair plays a match against every other pair in the field. The three who finish on top become the American team. It's fair. It's democratic. It sounds as if it should work. The only trouble is, it has yet to produce a team that comes close to being the best we can muster.

The pair that finished first in the Trials, Howard Schenken and Peter Leventritt, qualified for the third time in five years. They were on the team that won the

Vanderbilt Cup in 1964. The other two pairs, Ivan Erdos-Kelsey Petterson and B. Jay Becker-Mrs. Dorothy Hayden, were on the team they defeated in the Vanderbilt. Is there any reason to believe that this mixture of winners and losers is better than a team of Vanderbilt winners? And what about such missing stars as Robert Jordan and Arthur Robinson, who played so well in the World Championship events of 1963 and 1964? True, they did not appear to be playing in their best form during the International Teams Trials. Nevertheless, in the Trials they defeated all three of the pairs that made the team: 35-25 against Schenken-Leventritt; 37-23 against Erdos-Petterson; 39-21 to win over Becker-Mrs. Hayden. Although they finished 12th, they won only one match less than the three pairs that succeeded. What is more, instead of piling up the score against the weaker opposition, they won the tough

ones. And in World Championship play, you meet only the tough ones.

Below is a hand in which a clever bid by Jordan picked up 12 IMPs to defeat Erdos and Petterson in Dallas.

Fearing that the opponents could make a slam in hearts, Jordan not only snuck out his meek with his vulnerable bid of three spades, he dared to cue-bid his partner's club suit, figuring that a club opening and continuation might be the only way to defeat six hearts. Jordan's double of that contract was Robinson's cue to just that defense.

Petterson had an easy bid over five clubs; he did not care whether North read this as showing one ace or diamond support. But Robinson's five-spade bid put Erdos under heavy pressure. If he passed, Petterson was sure to double; yet the singleton spade and the favorable position of North's clubs seemed to warrant bidding the slam.

Would six hearts have made if Jordan hadn't steered the defense? The slam can be defeated without the club opening if West defends perfectly. Even if South guesses the king of trumps, West can win two club tricks by ducking the first club lead. But at one table, where 12 tricks were made at hearts, after declarer dropped East's heart king he came back to his hand with a second round of trumps and led the 4 of clubs. West didn't read his partner for two singletons; he went up with the ace and later lost the queen to a finesse. The point was that Jordan's bidding left nothing to chance.

A lucky result for Jordan-Robinson? Perhaps. But in World Championship play, bend tactics don't win. And it is in this sort of competition that the Philadelphians are at their best. I think our 1965 team will miss them.

END

Both sides
vulnerable
South dealer

NORTH			
♠	3		
♥	A 9 4 3 2		
♦	A 2		
♣	K 7 6 5 3		
WEST			
♠	K 10 6 5		
♥	7 6		
♦	10 4 3		
♣	A Q 9 8		
EAST			
♠	Q J 9 8 7 4		
♥	K		
♦	J 9 8 7 5		
♣	3		
SOUTH			
♠	A 2		
♥	Q J 10 8 5		
♦	K Q 6		
♣	J 10 4		
SOUTH (Peterson)			
1♥	PASS		
PASS	4♣		
PASS	4♣		
5♦	PASS		
PASS	PASS		
WEST (Robinson)			
PASS	4♣		
PASS	4♣		
5♦	PASS		
PASS	PASS		
NORTH (Erdos)			
3♦	4♥		
4♥	4♥		
5♦	PASS		
EAST (Jordan)			
3♦	PASS		
5♦	DOUBLE		

Opening lead: ace of clubs

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HORSE SHOWS / Alice Higgins

Out-SMERSHed in San Antonio

P. Galore and DD7 were in and out of the ribbons, but the two young shows that opened the Southwest circuit already have an air of class

The most exciting five-gaited stake I have seen in a long while took place the other day at San Antonio's Charity Horse Show, the event that inaugurated the newly enlarged Southwest circuit. Although there were seven horses in the championship, it was really a contest between Mr. and Mrs. Lafayette Ward's Gallant Man, with Art Simmons aboard, and Barile Farm's The New Look, with Lee Shipman in the saddle. Both are 5-year-old chestnut geldings with great speed at the trot and rack, and both riders are experts at keeping a horse in high gear.

When the pair was sent to the rail for a workout, the duel reached its climax. Shipman moved first and Simmons slipped in just behind him. This did not fit the strategy Shipman had in mind, however. Quickly circling, he moved back behind Simmons so that when the judge called for a trot, The New Look breezed by Gallant Man at the middle of the straightaway. Despite some artful corner-cutting by Simmons, Gallant Man was unable to overtake the fast-moving son of Wing Commander. The San Antonio audience, always enthusiastic, was now close to frenzy, and the most demonstrative spectator was The New Look's owner, Mrs. Thurman Barret, who was war-whooping in a way to cow an Apache. But her horse was plainly something to shout about, and as the workout continued it became apparent that Gallant Man was willing while The New Look still seemed fresh and strong. "Art's been outmaneuvered, outrode and outhorsed," commented one spectator just as Simmons' horse went off its feet. Judge Charles Smith thought so too. The New Look became the five-gaited champion, and he circled the ring to the accompaniment of a screaming ovation.

Although the general level of the show was not as remarkable, San An-

tonio can be proud of it. In its third year, the aura of quality was already apparent. Some polish is lacking in details, but no more so than at many shows that have been in business much longer. However, an unpardonable lack of polish was evident on the boots and in the tack of many of the local exhibitors. The well-turned-out lady or junior rider was the exception rather than the rule.

Although Art Simmons took second in the gaited stake, the rest was all roses. He won the walk-trot stake with the Wards' Miss Lori and the fine harness stake with Horace Cabe's Tashi Ling.

The Fort Sam Houston Show, a two-day event that preceded the San Antonio show, was for hunters and jumpers only. Most of the 200 horses entered moved on to the bigger, multidivision show at the Coliseum. If Ian Fleming's shade had been drifting through San Antonio at the time, it would have met P. Galore, Goldfinger and DD7. P. Galore is a bay mare who was the green jumper champion at Fort Sam. Goldfinger is a hunter who was in the ribbons at both shows and DD7 is another hunter who, sad to relate, was badly out-SMERSHed. All are owned by Lieut. Col. John Russell, onetime international rider for the U.S. and former chief of the U.S. Modern Pentathlon Team. In case there is any doubt about the direction of his equestrian interests, he had another jumper named Dr. Strangelove. This chestnut gelding, bought off the track, shows promise of being as versatile as Peter Sellers. After only three shows he was the reserve champion on both the green and open jumper divisions.

Encouragingly, the most heavily entered classes at both shows were the junior working hunter events. With so many young enthusiasts in the vicinity, San Antonio should have no worries over the future of its horse shows. **END**

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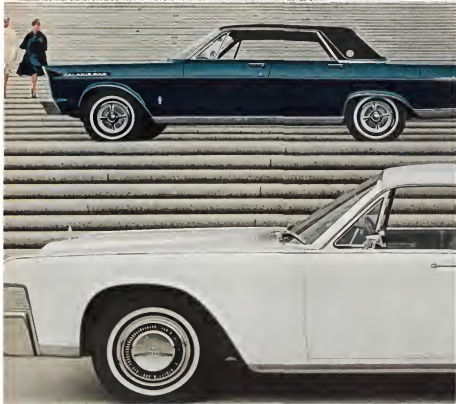
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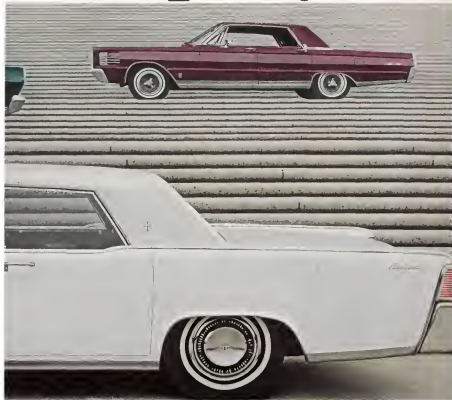
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The Strange Fish and Stranger Times of Dr. Herbert R. Axelrod

by Robert H. Boyle

Tropical fish are big business in the U.S., and the big man in it is a genius from Jersey City whose future plans encompass the entire pet market—with the help of the Mongolian gerbil

Dr. Herbert R. Axelrod is the great panjandrum of the tropical-fish world. Dr. Herbert R. Axelrod—the title and full name are always run together by admirers as though they were one word—is without rival in the burgeoning world of tropical fish. Dr. Axelrod is an intrepid ichthyologist and explorer who has made more than 40 expeditions to South America, Africa, Australia, the Fijis, Indonesia, Thailand, India and the Malay Archipelago. He can, he says, recognize more than 7,000 species of fish on sight, and he has discovered hundreds of species that were lost to science for years or, better yet, were never seen before by man. More than two dozen species of fish have been named after him, and one of these, *Cheirodon axelrodi*, the cardinal tetra, is the biggest seller in the world.

Besides being a fantastic discoverer of fish, Dr. Axelrod is a remarkably prolific writer. He has written more than half a dozen major books on fish, all bestsellers. His first book, *Tropical Fish as a Hobby*, is in its ninth printing and has sold more than 80,000 copies. Dr. Axelrod has also churned out more than 100 smaller books and pamphlets on fish, and several hundred articles as well. His typewriter is always busy. Once on a Friday, Doubleday, the publishers, asked the doctor for a book on fish. On Saturday morning he sat down to write and, by the time he stood up on Sunday evening, the manuscript was completed. On Monday it was accepted and published as *Tropical Aquarium Fishes*. It has sold 450,000 copies. As if to show this was no trick, Dr. Axelrod recently sat down for Fawcett and turned out a substantial paperback, *Axelrod's Tropi-*

cal Fish Book, over another weekend. The book is lavishly illustrated with hundreds of photographs, most of them taken by the doctor, who, with some justification, regards himself as the finest photographer of tropical fish in the world.

When not traveling up some Amazon tributary by dug-out canoe or sitting before a smoking typewriter, Dr. Axelrod is kept busy presiding over the seemingly limitless destinies and rapidly multiplying fortunes of T.F.H. Publications, Inc., of which he owns 75% of the stock. T.F.H. Publications, Inc., or TFH as it is known in the trade, is the General Motors of the pet world, and its offices are in, of all places, Jersey City. Here, in a yellow three-story building of his own design, the doctor publishes *All-Pets* magazine, a monthly given over to such articles as "The Four-Toed Tortoise" and "Peafowl, from a Hobby to a Business," and his own very special baby, *Tropical Fish Hobbyist*, which not only has the largest circulation of any aquarium magazine but is, as the cover has proclaimed, THE ONLY AQUARIUM MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD ILLUSTRATED INSIDE WITH COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS!! Invariably, these photographs have been taken by Dr. Axelrod to illustrate one of his own articles about an expedition he headed, net in one hand, rifle in the other, into some obscure backwater in search of a spotted *Corydoras* catfish. Among the subscribers who have thrilled to the doctor's accounts of rare adventure was the late Winston Churchill, who carried on a correspondence with him about fancy goldfish. Churchill, however, was merely one of a number

continued

Dr. Axelrod positively pores for a portrait, framed by cardinal tetras (Cheirodon axelrodi), one of the species of fish named for him.

of world figures enthralled by the doctor. He has been on intimate terms with the Emperor of Japan, Hirohito, a renowned sea-slug specialist; the former King of the Belgians, Leopold III; and the President of Brazil, Humberto Castelo Branco, who has asked Dr. Axelrod to draw up a conservation program for the Amazon.

In addition to magazines, Dr. Axelrod also publishes thousands of booklets dealing with all aspects of the pet world. Among those he has published are such bestsellers as *Modern American Mouse*, *Colorful Egglayers*, *Trick Training Cats*, *Your Terrarium*, *Horned Toads Pets*, *Monkey Business*, *Snakes as Pets* and *Rats as Pets*. For some time now Ernest Walker, former assistant director of the Washington zoo, has been after TFH to publish a companion volume, *Bats as Pets*, but Dr. Axelrod has resisted his friend on the grounds that there are no pet shops selling bats. Walker keeps several free-flying bats in his Washington apartment, and whenever Dr. Axelrod comes to call, Walker, fearful lest his pets escape, opens the door a crack and whispers, "Come in quickly."

At least once a month Dr. Axelrod takes a flying trip to Florida, where TFH owns five tropical-fish farms near Tampa. TFH is the biggest breeder of tropical fish in the world; at last count there were approximately six million fish down on the farms. All in all, TFH so dominates the field of fish that a couple of cosmetic companies, seeking to diversify, recently offered the doctor \$7 million to sell out. He refused, because he was making piles of money, and he has used part of the substantial profits of TFH to further the study of fish. Two years ago he reprinted Jordan and Evermann's four-volume classic on systematic ichthyology, *The Fishes of North and Middle America*, which had long been out of print, and presented 2,000 sets to the Smithsonian Institution free of charge. The Smithsonian has been selling the volumes at \$25 a set, and all the proceeds go toward tropical-fish research and expeditions. On occasion Dr. Axelrod has dug deep into his pocket to finance expeditions by others when he has been tied down by affairs in Jersey City. He dispatched Dr. Jacques Gery of the Laboratoire Arago of the University of Paris to Gabon to search for exotic fish, and Dr. Martin Brittan of Sacramento State College has taken a couple of treks into unexplored Brazil in quest of an elusive blood-red tetra, thanks to the doctor's largess.

In his own spare hours, infrequent though they may be, Dr. Axelrod is fond of playing Bach sonatas on the violin and reading deeply in the sciences. He holds degrees in mathematics, chemistry, physics and biology and, since he is fluent in French, Spanish, Portuguese, German, Hebrew and Japanese, can get along in Russian and Polish and grasp the essentials in Hungarian and Swedish, his range of reading is wide as well as deep. The doctor has been a crack golfer, bowler and swimmer (when only 10 he swam 15 miles, from the American shore to the Canadian shore of Lake Ontario), but his favorite sports nowadays are racing pigeons and fishing. He is one of a handful of anglers

who have caught an Atlantic sailfin on a fly rod, and when he made his first million he celebrated by building four of the most luxurious pigeon coops in existence on the roof of his Jersey City emporium. At noontime he often clambers up to the roof and sends the pigeons flying while he munches on a sandwich. When in residence in Jersey City the doctor always lunches on a double liverwurst on rye sent in from Bauer's Delicatessen, but on the road he is a far more adventurous gourmet. As one might expect, his favorite dish is fish, any kind of fish, but in the jungle he sometimes gluts himself on howler-monkey stew. A good meal counts for a lot with the doctor. In fact, he once broke a trip from an aquarium in Frankfurt am Main to Cairo, where he was to inspect fish carvings inside a pyramid, just to stop off in Rome for a highly touted plate of spaghetti.

This man of enormous energies and myriad talents is also a man of mystery. Rumors abound about Axelrod. One rumor, essentially true, has it that he dwells in splendor in an opulent bomb shelter and fortress tucked into the Jersey coast. Another story goes that, though the doctor is well into his 70s, he does not look a day over 45. In point of fact, Dr. Herbert R. Axelrod, ichthyologist, explorer, author, linguist, tycoon and sportsman, is only 37 years of age. Meeting him for the first time is somewhat like discovering the real identity of the Wizard of Oz.

Dr. Axelrod, a burly six-footer, purposely keeps himself from public view for several reasons. For one, he believes that his private life is his own business. For another, he has no desire to be called at any hour of the night by an aquarist in Oklahoma City whose swordtails have fallen prey, say, to a mild case of *Ichthyophthirius*. For still another, Dr. Axelrod finds most people are boring. He once refused to meet Jacques Cousteau; he thought Cousteau was a bore. Indeed, Dr. Axelrod has been known to interrupt conversations with close friends by yawning in their faces and telling them to leave because he was bored. "I'm not rude for rudeness' sake," says the doctor. "I just don't have time to beat around the bush." When he was younger he worried that he had a personality problem, and he consulted a psychiatrist. The psychiatrist dismissed him at once on the grounds that Dr. Axelrod was the happiest man he had ever met, because he had no inhibitions. Possibly as a result of his complete lack of inhibitions, Dr. Axelrod is tremendously fond of quarrels and litigation. In recent years he has been sued 14 times, and the filing of each suit gave him as much joy as the discovery of a new species of fish. Several cases arose out of denunciations Dr. Axelrod made of certain fish dealers in *Tropical Fish Hobbyist*, but inasmuch as he considers himself the world's ranking expert on tropical fish, he has no doubt that he will win them all. As a matter of fact, he has so far won 13 of the lawsuits, with the other one pending. "I like to match wits," says the doctor. "A lawsuit is a chess game. When there's no challenge, I'm not interested."

Dr. Axelrod grew up in Bayonne, N.J., just to the south of Jersey City. Bayonne, a grimy oil refinery town fronting

continued

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Upper New York Bay, is an unlikely place to spawn a naturalist of Dr. Axelrod's stature, but in the days of his youth it still possessed marshlands and creeks unblemished by oil wastes. The family had little money—Axelrod's father, Dr. Aaron Axelrod, now vice-president of TFH, taught mathematics in a local high school—but young Herbert earned pocket money by pressing pans, with characteristic gusto, for an overwhelmed tailor and catching blue crabs, which he sold to Chinese laundrymen. For a dime he purchased a nondescript pair of pigeons from a fellow urchin, and he housed them in a sawed-off orange crate he kept hidden down alleys and under stoops. Despite his best efforts, the pigeons made their mark on neighborhood porches and roofs, and protesting landlords forced the family to move several times. "I was crazy about the pigeons!" Dr. Axelrod recalls in a typical burst of enthusiasm. "I took them to school and hid them there. I used to take them into my room at night. I couldn't leave them. I didn't know it, but I actually developed the first mobile pigeon loft. It took the Army years to do that, and I did it as a kid!"

In high school Axelrod's passion for knowledge was such that he asked his father to send him to a Jesuit prep school in Jersey City. But since Dr. Axelrod *père* was teaching in the high school that his son was attending, he refused,

because he did not want to denigrate the teaching abilities of his colleagues. Undaunted, Axelrod *fil*s took to cutting school two or three times a week to attend Brooklyn Tech on the sly, because the teachers there were stimulating. Whatever Axelrod did, he did to the hilt. He had an IQ of 181, but he was nagged by doubts that spurred him to further efforts. "I guess I always wanted to show off," he says. "I was an ugly kid, with pimples all over my face. I weighed 110 pounds, and no girl would go out with me. I was obsessed with sex."

At 16 Axelrod was graduated from high school, and at 17 he enlisted in an Army officer college training program. He was sent to study engineering at the City College of New York and the University of Delaware. When the Germans almost broke through American lines in the Battle of the Bulge in 1944, all the students were rushed overseas, except Axelrod, who was too young for combat. He was apprehended at the gangplank and sent to Fort Lewis, Wash., while his clothes and equipment sailed off to France. At Fort Lewis, Axelrod served out his Army career as a private in an engineering company and whiled away his idle hours as a violinist in the Tacoma Symphony.

Upon discharge from the Army, Axelrod resumed his studies at CCNY, then transferred to New York University when offered a scholarship. His major field was mathematics and, at 19, he wrote his first published paper, "The Lattice Theory in Boolean Algebra." He took generous helpings of side courses in languages and the sciences. "The more you learn, the easier it gets to learn," he says. While working on his master's degree at NYU he taught an extension course in aquatic life that attracted great attention for its novelty. On Saturdays he took his students out to Long Island, where they explored tidal flats and swamps. He made them eat almost everything they collected. On occasion his enthusiasm for nature became so unbounded that the faculty took alarm. He was once censured by a professor for performing a caesarian on a guppy.

For a time Axelrod worked as a laboratory assistant to Professor Myron Gordon. When Professor Gordon went on a sabbatical, he recommended that Axelrod teach his course on experimental laboratory animals, most of which were tropical fish. The head of the department, Professor Charles Pieper, asked Axelrod to write out his lecture notes in advance. Axelrod did, and he left them in a pile on Professor Pieper's desk. Professor Pieper happened to be delayed in returning, and in the interim a McGraw-Hill book salesman entered, read through the notes and was entranced. As a result, McGraw-Hill asked to publish them as a book. Axelrod consented, and the subsequent book, *Tropical Fish as a Hobby*, published in 1952, was to make him the leading authority on the subject at the tender age of 24.

In 1950, however, Axelrod, by then engaged on his doctorate at NYU, was called back into the Army at the start of the Korean war. This time he went in as an officer—a lieutenant—and was sent to Korea, where he studied epidemic

continued

Up a Brazilian creek, without a paddle, Dr. Axelrod and a nature guide search, above, for new species of fish for tropical fanciers.



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hemorrhagic fever, a blood disease, as a member of a field medical laboratory. His work called for him to take blood samples to Japan for detailed analysis and, inasmuch as the plane returned to Korea with a cargo of empty blood containers, Axelrod began filling them up with whiskey. He traded the whiskey for cigarettes, which he stuffed between the filled blood containers on the flight to Japan. As his import-export business boomed, he also began working on a second manuscript, *Handbook of Tropical Aquarium Fishes*.

On one trip to Japan, Axelrod visited the Tokyo University library, where he pored over the books on fishes. While looking for a misplaced volume, he happened to meet an ichthyologist, Dr. Tokiharu Abe, who showed him a copy of a book, *The Opisthobranchia of Sagami Bay*, that had been written by Hirohito. Axelrod rifled through the pages, then stopped to point out an error in the scientific name of an opisthobranch. Dr. Abe was incredulous, but Axelrod cited the correct reference in an obscure scientific paper he had just finished reading. With that, he bade the doctor adieu, put the incident out of mind and flew back to Korea with a load of choice six-month-old Scotch.

As Axelrod now recalls it, about a fortnight later he was ordered to appear before General Matthew Ridgway in full dress uniform. Recalling that a case of whiskey had recently disappeared, Axelrod suspected that military police had seized it as evidence for a court-martial, and by the time he entered General Ridgway's office he was hoping for 10 years instead of the death penalty. To his surprise, however, the general had summoned him because Hirohito wanted Axelrod as a house guest. Ridgway wanted to know why, since no American had been asked to see the Emperor since General MacArthur had been relieved of command. Axelrod, forgetting the incident in the library, said he had no idea why he had been invited. Ridgway told Axelrod to accept the invitation and to do his best to get one for the general himself. Axelrod said he would see what he could do and went off to Japan, where he spent a week at the summer palace on Sagami Bay collecting marine invertebrates with the Emperor, Hirohito, who was most grateful for having had the error in his book pointed out to him, listened to Axelrod's plea on behalf of General Ridgway and rejected it, explaining that he and the general really had nothing in common. Axelrod says he had to agree. Hirohito then presented him with a jar of preserved eels as a gift for Dr. Leonard Schultz, curator of fishes at the Smithsonian.

Shortly afterward Axelrod was discharged, and he hastened to Washington, where he gave the eels to Dr. Schultz. He also showed Dr. Schultz a draft of the *Handbook of Tropical Aquarium Fishes*, and Dr. Schultz was so impressed with its potential that he agreed not only to collaborate on the work but waive his years of seniority as well and appear as junior author. Not long after this Axelrod's first book, *Tropical Fish as a Hobby*, was published,

and it was such an instant success that McGraw-Hill asked him to return a dozen complimentary copies so as to meet the demand. The book was successful because no one with a working scientific background had ever before written a book about tropical fish and, moreover, Axelrod, unlike previous authors, revealed breeding secrets. His description of spawning *Hyphessobrycon irohae*, the neon tetra, was of great moment to aquarists everywhere.

Since Axelrod had returned home in the middle of the academic year, he was unable to resume his doctoral studies and teaching position at NYU until the start of the 1952 fall term. As a returning serviceman, he was entitled to receive his salary anyway, and he used the money to finance trips to British Guiana and Malaya, where he brought tropical fish that he sold from a rented store in Manhattan.

By the time the fall term began, Axelrod was well established in business. He gave up selling fish for the nonce and started *Tropical Fish Hobbyist*. Using mostly pseudonyms to protect his scholarly background, he also wrote, published and distributed inexpensive booklets on fish and other pets. Within three years T.F.H. Publications, Inc. owned its own printing plant and bindery, and Axelrod was doing so handsomely that he was able to buy out several Jersey City businessmen who had backed him. Meanwhile, he was also busy on his doctorate in biostatistics. The subject of his dissertation was *The Mathematical Solution of Certain Biometrical Problems*, and in it he demonstrated that the statistical procedures used in 25 medical and dental research papers were incorrect. "It was a very startling study," says Dr. Axelrod, who is so fond of figures that he multiplies passing license plate numbers while driving around in his car.

D Axelrod's main strength in business is his ruthlessness. A couple of years ago he decided to reprint *Stroud's Digest of the Discovery of Birds*, a solid research work by Robert Stroud, the so-called Birdman of Alcatraz, who spent more than 40 years in solitary confinement for murder. Stroud's agent had published the book in 1943, but it had been done poorly. Stroud was eager to see a decent edition on the market but, before giving Dr. Axelrod publication rights, he asked the doctor to endorse his appeal for freedom. "You're a murderer!" Dr. Axelrod exclaimed. "If it were up to me, you'd cook!" Stroud angrily gave the rights to another publisher, but the doctor secured the book for T.F.H. by buying him out. Convicts, incidentally, intrigue the doctor, who has been conducting a pen-palship with prisoners he met when lecturing on tropical fish at the Indiana State Prison. To his amazement, Axelrod found that some lifers had been keeping guppies for more than 30 years despite strict regulations against pets. They had hidden generation after generation of fish in vials strapped to their bodies, and the birth of a new batch was cause for a cell-block celebration. In the interest of science, Dr. Axelrod asked the captive guppy fanciers to keep constant watch on their pets for an incisive around-the-clock study of fish behavior.

continued

"After all," says the doctor, "these guys have nothing but time on their hands." To his dismay, however, the prisoners seemed to get sadistic pleasure in keeping prisoners of their own in prison, so to speak, and instead of chronicling fish behavior, they began putting guppies into smaller and smaller containers to see how much confinement they could take before they died. Still, this was not a total loss to Dr. Axelrod, who learned that a guppy can survive in a stoppered inch-long pencil-thin test tube laid on its side.

If there was one turning point in the fortunes of Dr. Axelrod and TFH, it came in 1958, when he took his greatest gamble by publishing the *Encyclopedia of Tropical Fishes*, which he wrote with William Vanderwinkler, editor of *Tropical Fish Hobbyist*. "I did everything that other publishers said I shouldn't do," says the doctor. "We used big pictures. We used big type. They said everything was wrong, that it was a completely lousy book by their standards. They said I was going to ruin myself. I put every cent I had into it, and then I went off to Africa and I said to myself that I'd either come back a millionaire or a bum. The *Encyclopedia* was a success, and we sell 15,000 copies a year. We've been shooting craps in the publishing business for the last 10 years, and we've been winning." In point of fact, Dr. Axelrod is a very lucky crap shooter. He remembers a night in Haiti when he rolled 17 straight passes, then played 21 and beat the dealer. Astounded, the owner of the casino and the croupier, who had been following him around, ominously insisted he stay the rest of the night to play 21 with them. Dr. Axelrod did, and he cleaned them out, too. "They couldn't believe what I was doing," he says as a matter of course, "so I told them I was cheating."

More than anyone else in the world Dr. Axelrod is responsible for the changing tastes in the aquarium hobby today. The hobby started in grim seriousness in Germany 100 years ago, and for years goldfish were the rage. But then, in the 1920s and 1930s, tropicals began to edge in, and in the past few years goldfish have been all but discarded in favor of tropical after tropical, thanks in good part to the expeditions, discoveries and writings of Dr. Axelrod. In the last five years alone, TFH imported more species of fish than aquarists had seen in all history. Today Dr. Axelrod, TFH and the U.S. lead the world in tropical fish expertise, and Germany, the onetime leader, is a distant second.

A living memorial to the doctor is *Cheirodon axelrodi*, the cardinal tetra, which he discovered lurking in a reach of the Upper Rio Negro, a tributary of the Amazon, in 1954. This discovery is regarded as the greatest ever made in tropical fish, but the doctor himself did not know for an entire year that he had happened upon a species wholly unknown to science. The cardinal tetra, an extremely colorful fish, bears a superficial resemblance to its cousin, *Hypoclinemus iwamae*, the neon tetra, and Dr. Axelrod, thinking he had found a race of giant neons, marketed them as such after bringing back a shipment to the U.S. To his astonishment, they spawned differently from the

neons, and he at once sent several specimens to his old friend and collaborator, Dr. Schultz at the Smithsonian, for classification. Upon examination, Dr. Schultz rang up Dr. Axelrod to announce that the fish not only constituted a new species of tetra but, moreover, a close look at their teeth showed that they belonged to a new genus as well. Dr. Schultz described the new fish in the February 20, 1956 issue of *Tropical Fish Hobbyist* and assigned it the name of *Cheirodon axelrodi* in honor of its discoverer. Then, on the very next day, in an issue of *The Stanford Ichthyological Bulletin*, Professors George Myers and Stanley Weitzman, outstanding taxonomists in their own right, described a specimen they happened to have, and they called it *Hypoclinemus axelrodi*. The fight started. Debate raged for more than a year and a half until the International Commission of Zoological Nomenclature convened and gave the nod to *axelrodi*. This contretemps is merely one of a number the doctor has figured in with academic ichthyologists, and their *sotto voce* asides about his being a pushy upstart rankle. "I've been hated for years because I've combined science with business," says Dr. Axelrod, happily putting in the zing. "The guys who criticized me initially for selling science for money are now the ones who try to sell me science for money, including some of my so-called best friends."

Dr. Axelrod's favorite collecting grounds are the Amazon and its tributaries, which support an extraordinarily large and varied number of fishes. "The Amazon River system, I would judge," says the doctor "produces enough protein in one month to feed the world for a year." Most of his jaunts into the jungle are done with Harald Schultz, a specialist on Indian ethnology at the São Paulo museum, who is not to be confused with Dr. Leonard Schultz, much less Willie Schwartz, another Brazilian collecting crony. Harald Schultz has been macheted, blowgassed, pummeled, trampled upon and threatened in the course of his field investigations on the tribal rites of hostile Indians, and Dr. Axelrod considers him the bravest man he has ever met. Schultz, in turn, looks upon the doctor as a strong, powerful man, a tremendous genius with a strange personality and a range of accomplishments that can only be likened to Charlie Chaplin's. He also looks upon the doctor as the most foolhardy man he has ever met. Schultz thinks Dr. Axelrod's penchant for swimming with piranhas is a ghastly business—the doctor believes piranhas are not at all vicious and that their bad reputation comes from a bum rap by Teddy Roosevelt, who journeyed up the Amazon in 1913. Schultz was once so put out at Axelrod's grabbing a passing snake by the tail that he refused, on principle, to come to the doctor's aid even though his screams for help indicated that the snake was about to win out. Dr. Axelrod managed to escape unscathed, but Schultz did nothing more than lie in his hammock with a look of anguish. Considering Dr. Axelrod's foolhardiness, he has done reasonably well in the jungle. His only mishap occurred last November when, exhausted from

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Vespa



FATHER BOND

FATHER MARQUARDT

BROTHER ALFRED

netting rare fish, he settled down to sleep on top of several fire-ant hills that escaped his usually keen eye. He was bitten severely, and he had to spend a month in a hospital in Manaus getting mammoth injections of cortisone.

In Dr. Axelrod's absence, Schultz collects fishes on his own. Named after him is *Hyphessobrycon haraldschultzei*, commonly known as Harald Schultz's tetra, first cousin to *Hyphessobrycon herbertaxelrodi*, the black neon tetra. Not long ago Dr. Axelrod received a letter from Schultz announcing that he had at last found a fish beautiful enough to be named for Schultz's wife, Valma, and the fish, which has a bright-red belly and two metallic blue spots, was subsequently called *Copella valmae*. In addition to genus *Hyphessobrycon*, Schultz and Dr. Axelrod also have a double entry going for them in *Symphysodon arguifasciata haraldi*, the blue discus, and *Symphysodon arguifasciata axelrodi*, the brown discus. A species of goby, *Boris burii*, rediscovered by Lee Ching Eng, a renowned Jakarta fish exporter, is widely known as Axelrod's crazy fish. It so happens that when Dr. Axelrod entered Lee's establishment late one night in 1959, the proprietor shouted, "Dr. Axelrod! I've discovered a new fish!" The doctor looked at the fish, which likes to swim upside down, and remarked, "I doubt that it's new, but it sure is acting crazy." From then on, Lee called it Axelrod's crazy fish.

The honor of bestowing the scientific name on a new species of fish falls to the taxonomist who describes it and not to the discoverer. Fish have been named after Dr. Axelrod largely in recognition of his forays into unknown areas, but the fact is that the doctor has the knack of finding new fish where others have looked long and hard. A prize example of this that he likes to cite occurred in Trinidad several years ago. The island of Trinidad has more fish collectors per capita than any other place in the world. It has been thoroughly combed, so much so that the government has imposed a closed season on collecting for fear that the island's fishes are in danger of extinction. One afternoon, net at the ready, Dr. Axelrod landed in Piarco airport and immediately seized a small pool at the edge of the runway. As onlookers gasped audibly—the doctor vividly remembers the chorus of sucked-in breaths—the net yielded hundreds of specimens of a bright-red fish that had never been seen before by any Trinidadian, or any taxonomist in the world, for that matter. Flying on to Rio, Dr. Axelrod dropped off some specimens with Dr. Haroldo Travassos of the Museo Nacional, who classified them as belonging to the tetra family. He named the species *Aphelandia axelrodi*. Ordinarily Dr. Axelrod does not boast about discovering a new species, but he is rather proud of this find, which is marketed widely as the red prestella. "It was like going to a high school ball game and finding five Babe Ruths, four Lou Gehrigs, two Pee Wee Reeses and one Duke Sander," says the doctor.

Dr. Axelrod's knack for discovering the unusual is not

confined to fish. While dining recently in the best restaurant in Bogotá, he detected a bitter taste in his cup of Colombian coffee. Draining it down, he discovered a cockroach, and instead of being dismayed he was elated. He took the cockroach back to his hotel room, popped it in a bottle of formalin and sent it to the Smithsonian in the hope that it might be a new species. If it is, the suggestion has been made that it be named after the restaurant.

The Axelrod knack also extends to people. While returning from the Brazilian jungle for a rest in Manaus, he met a fellow scientist in the elevator of the hotel. The scientist turned out to be Dr. Jean-Pierre Gosse, adviser to Leopold III, former King of the Belgians. Dr. Gosse refused to believe that Dr. Axelrod was the Dr. Axelrod—Gosse, too, had heard the rumor that the doctor was well into his 70s—but Dr. Axelrod was finally able to prove his identity by citing the name of a species of fish, *Neoburax axelrodi* (what else?), then under taxonomic dispute at the British Museum. Dr. Gosse introduced Dr. Axelrod to King Leopold, who was staying just down the hall, and Axelrod, in turn, had his doubts that King Leopold was really King Leopold. The King finally was able to confirm his identity to the doctor's satisfaction, and the two of them had a joyous week together on the Amazon spearing game fish, *Arapaima gigas* by day and *Osteoglossum bicirrhosum* by night. Dr. Axelrod, incidentally, was the first man to capture young *Osteoglossum*, which are carried in the mother's mouth. The fish always swallows her young when speared or netted, but the doctor showed Leopold how to obtain the young by severing the mother's head with a swift slice from a machete. Upon the King's departure for home, Dr. Axelrod presented him with a pet jaguar that had a nasty habit of biting the doctor's ankles, and Leopold, forewarned, gave the animal to the Brussels zoo. Since then the doctor and the King have exchanged visits in Belgium and Jersey City, and last year Leopold presented Dr. Axelrod with a brace of Belgian racing pigeons. They are now ensconced in the luxurious lofts atop TFH headquarters, but the doctor, a member in good standing of the Ideal Racing Pigeon Club, has not entered them against local competition on the grounds that it would be unfair, because Belgian pigeons are the fastest in the world.

In Brazil, Dr. Axelrod has also become very much involved with Willie Schwartz, an eccentric German Jewish refugee who fled the perils of Nazism for the relative safety of the Mato Grosso. Together they helped gather creatures for a couple of Walt Disney's nature epics. One of Disney's more difficult orders was for a pair of rare black jaguars. Schwartz and Dr. Axelrod managed to capture one, but they were unable to come up with another. Finally Axelrod says he suggested that they catch a run-of-the-mill jaguar and convert it. They did. Dr. Axelrod administered an anesthetic, and he and Schwartz trucked the beast to a hairdresser in Manaus, where it was bleached and dyed and shipped off to Hollywood.

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THE SPORTS CAR TIRE



FROM **FIRESTONE**

Life in the wild still spells joy for Dr. Axelrod, but in recent months his thinking has turned more and more toward the booming business of T.F.H. "I'm really a deep thinker sailing far out into space," says the doctor. "I can sit in a chair for hours just thinking until I'm numb. I'm a great thinker. I go to sleep thinking, and I wake up thinking. I go to sleep with my hands folded behind my head. I have grandiose plans. I never think small!" A couple of years ago, after a bout of deep thinking, Dr. Axelrod seized upon the idea of the Fish-In-A-Flash kit. "It was the most successful flop I've ever been involved with!" he exults. He took the eggs of *Nothobranchius palomquini*, an East African fish that lays eggs that can survive drought, to a toy trade show in New York and showed how they would hatch in a glass of water. Wholesalers and mail-order houses piled in with \$8 million worth of orders. Dr. Axelrod started his own hatchery to produce eggs by the millions for kits, but he had to cease production because the initial customers were disappointed. The hatched fish were almost microscopic, and the customers had difficulty seeing them. "They expected—pop!—two-inch, beautifully colored fish," says the doctor. "It was a bust."

The doctor tried a new scheme last year with Quaker Oats, manufacturers of Cap'n Crunch breakfast food. TV commercials for the product feature a Cap'n Crunch, who skips a ship called the Guppy, and the doctor thought that this looked like a natural. He made arrangements with Quaker Oats to supply a pair of guppies to any tot who wrote in, enclosing a Crunch box top and 19¢, but the deal fell through when the doctor refused to guarantee that the guppies would live. "Who knows what a kid is going to do to fish?" he asks.

The doctor's present grandiose plans fall into two parts. First of all, he aims to corner the entire tropical-fish market. "I have the total approach," he says. "The books, the livestock, the accessories." A couple of weeks ago he spent \$1 million to acquire the second largest aquarium manufacturing company in the world, and he is rolling his eyes at the largest. He is also aiming to up fish production

on his Florida farms, because the size of the tropical-fish market is limited only by the number of fish available. Dr. Axelrod will go to any lengths to increase production. One day last winter he chanced to hear of a fisheries library for sale at \$2,000, and, without inspecting a volume, he immediately offered to buy it. "Any one paper in it would be worth \$2,000 to me if it gave a hint as to how I could get more fish production," he explains. "It may be that some little trick somebody found out a hundred years ago is just what I need." The doctor is always reading for clues and hints. Several years ago he was perusing an article on salt lakes and brine shrimp, *Artemia salina*, in a Russian fishery journal. The author noted that salt lakes having the right requirements for brine shrimp were found in Russia, Israel, California and Canada. At the mention of Canada, Dr. Axelrod leaped from his chair. He knew all about the lake in California; a fish-supply house in San Francisco had a monopoly on the brine-shrimp eggs, which are used as food for tropical fish. But Canada was something new. Discovery of brine-shrimp eggs there would be worth a fortune: the eggs bring more than caviar. The doctor ransacked reference literature, but he was unable to find the name of the salt lake. In fact, the best reference he could find mentioned one in Saskatchewan. He put in a call to a pet shop owner in Winnipeg, who was an amateur pilot. The pet shop owner agreed to fly up and down Saskatchewan looking for a lake with a white mark around the shore from salt. A month later he called the doctor. He had found not one lake but three, Manitoba, Big Manitou and Little Manitou. Dr. Axelrod rushed north at once. The shores of the lakes were laden with brine-shrimp eggs. The doctor leased the lakes from the Canadian government, and then, in turn, he sold the lease to Wardley's, a tropical-fish supply house in New York, for a 5% royalty.

For the past year Dr. Axelrod has been reading and rereading Alfred P. Sloan's autobiography, *My Years with General Motors*. The doctor feels that Sloan (assisted by John McDonald) has written one of the great books of the age, and he

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DR. AXELROD *continued*

has underlined a number of sentences that have special meaning to him and the future of TFH. Among them are: "There is no resting place for an enterprise in a competitive economy," and "The urge for competitive survival is the strongest of economic incentives." The doctor has been applying these maxims to TFH, because the capture of the entire tropical-fish market is only part one of his grandiose plans. Part two calls for TFH to take over the entire *pet* market within 10 years. In that time Dr. Axelrod foresees the gross of TFH swelling from \$3 million this year to \$20 million by 1970 and \$100 million by 1975. "But it's not the money," says the doctor. "It's the power! The pet business is going through a fantastic boom that doesn't look like it's going to stop. The pet business is great."

As part two of his grandiose plan for cornering the pet market, Dr. Axelrod plans to introduce a new pet to supplant the hamster in public affection. The doctor is down on hamsters. "We need a small, hardy animal!" he exclaims, and he has that small, hardy animal all picked out. It is the Mongolian gerbil. "The trouble with the hamster is that it is nocturnal, it sometimes bites, and it stinks," says the doctor. "The Mongolian gerbil has a longer tail, softer fur, is not nocturnal, doesn't bite and doesn't stink. The only difficulty is getting them to breed. I'm going to work on that. Right now I'm trying to tie up all the Mongolian gerbils in the United States."

After getting all the Mongolian gerbils to breed, Dr. Axelrod plans to set up retail pet and hobby shops in department stores, five & tens and discount houses all across the country. This will give him complete control of the pet market. "The shops will do everything from selling model airplanes and fish tanks to living fish and birds and chameleons and what-have-you," he says. "It will have a garden center. It will sell books, plants, seeds and microscopes. Everything and anything!"

But for all the fish, all the Mongolian gerbils, and for all the money rolling in, Dr. Herbert R. Axelrod occasionally sinks into gloom. "I'd be happy to be a pauper," he says, "if I could play the fiddle as well as Jascha Heifetz." END

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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by MARK MULVOY

AMERICAN LEAGUE

MINNESOTA (16-2) flashed a new look—stout pitching, reckless base running and timely hitting—to win five straight. Harmon Killebrew's first 10 hits were singles, Jim Kaat (2-0) best New York for the first time in five years; and Bob Allison stole three bases. Owner Cal Griffith attributed the quick getaway to the \$300 "insubordination" fine that Sam Mele posted on Shortstop Zoilo Versalles. "That woke up the club," he said. "I'm glad to see Sam get tough." Crafty Al Lopez had **CHICAGO** (7-3) in familiar second place. New Outfielders Danny Cater (see right) and Ken Berry (4-276) were standouts. Lopez used five pinch hitters in one inning against Baltimore—tying a league record. Later three pinch hitters hit safely in a five-run inning against Washington. **DETROIT** (6-3) had an anemic .210 batting average but got solid relief pitching from Larry Sherry and Terry Fox. Before making five errors on ground balls in two days Shortstop Dick McAuliffe said, "I have nothing against Charlie Denson, but I understand Bob Swift better. I know where I stand with him." **NOTRE DAME** (5-3) got a scare when Dick Radtke was bombed in his first two outings, but The Monster growled again with six innings of one-hit ball against Baltimore. The return of favorite Rocky Colavito aroused enthusiasm in **CLEVELAND** (4-3); 44,335 saw the home opener. Rookies Jose Cardenal, Rody May (a near no-hitter against Detroit) and Marcelino Lopez helped keep **LOS ANGELES** (4-6) respectable. After watching Boston score 23 runs against his Orioles, **BALTIMORE** (4-5) Manager Hank Bauer said, "That's the worst couple of days' pitching I've ever seen in my major league

career." Bauer used eight pitchers one day, four the next. Later Baltimore acquired Don Larsen from Houston. Johnny Kene saw **NEW YORK** (5-6) lose its first three home games before numb-fingered Whitey Ford and Mel Seaver/Myre stopped **LOS ANGELES** in a doubleheader. **WASHINGTON** (3-8) traded for home-run power but was outmanned 13-7. Even a 467-foot scoreboard-denting home run by Jim Gentile could not prevent **KANSAS CITY** (2-7) from settling into last place. Only 26,077, a low for K.C., came out for the three-game Yankee series.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Sandy Koussas and Johnny Podres of **LOS ANGELES** (7-3) tested their tender left elbows and reported "no pain" after route-going wins. General Manager Buzzie Bavasi fretted: "Dr. Kerlan hasn't sent me his bill yet. Now I'm afraid." Dr. Robert Kerlan treats both pitchers and operated on Podres last June to remove a bone chip. Rookie Second Baseman Jim Lefebvre (1-323) spanked seven extra-base hits. **CHICAGO** (6-3) pitchers finally got tough, hitting eight batters and preventing touchdowns. The Cub staff last year hit only 17 batters for a major league low. Submarine Reliever Ted Abernathy did not allow a run in six outings. Ernie Banks returned to a crouch and had a .339 average. Gordy Coleman and Tony Perez, who share the first-base job at **CINCINNATI** (6-4), each hit grand-slam home runs. Sammy Ellis convinced Manager Dick Sailer this spring that he should start, ran off three straight wins. **HOLSTON** (6-6) returned to the Astrodome to complete a four-game win streak. Reliever Dave Grist (2-0) and Catcher John Rutener (four homers) excelled. **PHILADELPHIA** (5-5) struggled with spotty pitching and hitting. For a time Dick Stuart was good fielding host. Then **Old Stone Glove** had three hits against **L.A.** but let in four runs with an error. Bo Beltrami was kayoed twice. **New 44**, Warren Spahn ("I hope Bobby Brown reads about this") went nine innings twice to beat the Dodgers and Giants as **NEW YORK** (6-7) played exciting, come-from-behind baseball. Youngsters Ed Kranepool (a league-leading .457), Ron Swoboda (four homers in 18 at bats) and Don Napolitano (game-winning triple) were prominent. **PITTSBURGH** (5-6) lost four straight after Reliever Al McKen had won one and saved two of the club's first seven. Gaylord Perry begged **SAN FRANCISCO** (5-7) Manager Herman Franks to leave him in the game, then blew an 8-2 lead to the Mets. "Cookie Lavagetto will go get the pitcher next time so he can't talk me out of it," said Franks. **MILWAUKEE** (3-5) passed up

infield practice for extra batting practice but had the lowest team average (.219). The Braves were still without Hank Aaron and Rico Carty. As usual, **St. Louis** (3-6) started slowly, losing five of its first six. Curt Simmons and Ray Sadecki each lost their first two starts. Ed Speitz, Phil Gagliano and Tio Francona were rushed into action and helped win two games.

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

DANNY CATER's biggest problem was not American League pitching. It was finding a portable phonograph to take with him on the Chicago White Sox' first road trip so he could listen to the sound track from *The Sound of Music*. Quipped a White Sox pitcher, "The way he's hitting, they should buy him an orchestra." Acquired over the winter from Philadelphia, Cater, 25, led the American League with a .464 average and fractured Manager Al Lopez' plan to platoon Cater and Tom McCraw in left field. Danny had particular success against Washington's hapless pitchers. He went 6 for 8 in a doubleheader and five days later hit a two-run home run to beat the Senators 5-3. "I look for the fast ball all the time," he says. "If I start to look for something else they just throw the ball by me." Cater also says, "There's only one way I can hit .400—and that's if I quit the game right now." The pitchers with he would, Cater is a Texan who claims he's the only Little League player who never pitched and admits he's very conscious about the fact that he's making only \$8,500 this year. "I have no worries except money," he says. When he hit the home run to beat Washington, the organist played *Do Re Mi* as Danny creled the bases.

RUNS PRODUCED

NATIONAL LEAGUE	Runs Scored	Teammates Batted In	Total Runs Produced
Breake, Ch (205)	6	11	17
Wasspool, R (447)	7	9	16
Sando, Ch (251)	11	5	16
Black, St (201)	11	3	14
Robinson, G (202)	10	4	14
Melburn, M (202)	7	6	13
Flood, St (341)	9	4	13
J. Moe, SF (290)	6	6	12
Wynn, M (241)	6	6	12
Pena, Ch (273)	6	6	12
AMERICAN LEAGUE			
Mantle, B (376)	4	10	14
Powell, B (232)	7	7	14
Congelaro, B (436)	6	9	13
Thomas, B (216)	6	7	13
Arvidson, B (300)	7	6	13
Gale, Ch (444)	6	6	12
Wagner, C (346)	9	3	12
Swan, B (246)	9	3	12
Talbot, B (355)	8	4	12
Ball, M (276)	9	3	12

Based on statistics through Saturday, April 24



CHICAGO'S CATER LED THE LEAGUE

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

GOLFERS, A AND B Sirs

Thank you for the shrewd article, *All Alone at the Top* (April 19), which presumed to prove conclusively that Jack Nicklaus has taken Arnie's crown. We look forward to similar articles when Billy Casper takes the U.S. Open, when Tony Lema repeats at the British Open or when Bobby Nichols repeats at the PGA.

How can you possibly say that the "Golden Bear" has emerged as the superman from this one Masters victory? Certainly Nicklaus played superb golf, quite possibly the best tournament he will ever play. But when history repeats itself and Arnie takes the even-year Masters, will Jack still be alone at the top?

We viewed in amazement the tapes of Jack's fine Saturday round. But we also noted that Arnie's Army filled the mikes with bigger cheers than anyone. Let's face it! Arnie still is the spokesman for the game. It takes more than 72 holes of golf to be called the King.

STEVEN GRIFFITH
OAN COCKROFT

Claremont, Calif.

Sirs:

Tell those boys from "Jack's Pack" to write the PGA and see who has the greatest record. It will be Walter Hagen, Ben Hogan, Sam Snead and Arnold Palmer. Nicklaus hasn't been on this earth long enough to really know what is going on.

ROBERT LJ GRAND

New Orleans

Sirs:

I thoroughly enjoyed the article by Alfred Wright, but hasten to add that his question, "Is there a B. Palmer?" deserves an answer. Who among comedy lovers, golf lovers or even would-be lovers will ever forget Bob Hope's classic, "I have an Arnold Palmer shirt; Arnold Palmer slacks; Arnold Palmer clubs; and a swing like Betsy Palmer?"

BILL DAISLEY

Washington

Sirs:

There certainly is a B. Palmer! Evidently Mr. Wright didn't watch the Masters on television, as did us common folk, or he would have seen TV's own Bud Palmer.

DAVID NISPER

Muncie, Ind.

THE HORSE'S MOUTH

Sirs

Thank you for your well-presented article on our victory in England's Grand National

Steeplechase (*The Jump that Won a Grand National*, April 5). As you know, there has been some controversy over the coverage of the last fence, and I would like to say that both your quotes and the inferences you drew from the photographs are entirely accurate—except that the decision to fly the last fence so spectacularly was not mine but Jay Trump's.

Approaching the last fence, I was driving Jay Trump for a very quick fence and was myself surprised that it turned out in quick as it did. As you said in your article, the three-fourths-length lead gained there won the race.

I would like to reiterate my praise of the coverage by the SPORTS ILLUSTRATED team.

CHROMFON (TOMMY) SMITH

Glyndon, Md.

ELEPHANT RUN

Sirs:

In response to your statement concerning fads (*SCORECARD*, April 12), we find that you have made an unforgeable error. You state that, "Panty raids and goldfish swallowing are out. So are elephant racing and packing telephone booths." This may hold true for panty raids, goldfish swallowing and telephone booth packing, but it is definitely a slur on the proponents and sponsors of elephant racing.

This year California State College at Fullerton will once more have an elephant race. The race is tentatively scheduled for May 21 and will attract entries from all over the world. In order for you to be able to claim the title *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* for your maga-

zine, it is imperative that you give our elephant race the credit it deserves. If this cannot be accomplished through a facet of your magazine, we will request that you change its title to *Some Sports Illustrated*. We feel this would be justified because you would not be giving the "largest" sport in the world adequate coverage.

For the past three years the Elephant Racing Club of California State College at Fullerton—and also California State College at Fullerton, formerly known as Orange County State College and Orange State College—has presented to the world a successful and spectacular elephant race. This race has gained recognition all over the U.S. and North America. We are now asking, where have you been?

JONATHAN M. LERIAN

Fullerton, Calif.

● Right there at Fullerton's Dumbo Downs photographing Harvard Mahout Joe Russin as he rode the victor, 4½-ton Sonita, across the finish line in CSCF's first Elephant Derby back in May 1962 (*below*).—ED.

YANKEE DIVISION

Sirs:

Your summation of the Yankees in your baseball issue (April 19) proved to be most inspiring to all right-thinking N.Y. Yankee-haters like myself. Congratulations on your best issue ever.

DAVID J. MOORE

Albany, N.Y.

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15TH HOLE continued

Sirs:

A very interesting eulogy of the New York Yankees. However, you fail to mention that any slack in the Yankee pitching staff caused by injuries to Whitey Ford is certain to be taken up by having Mel Stottlemyre with the varsity for the full season. He will surely be one of the finest pitchers in the league for many years to come. Pedro Ramos' presence for 162 games will also be a big boost.

Offensively, Kubek, Boyer and Tresh are all better hitters than their 1964 averages indicate. And one cannot minimize the importance of new Manager Johnny Keane.

DALE J. HANSEN

Virginia, Minn.

HEAVYWEIGHTS

Sirs:

Many thanks for bringing us up to date on Joe Palooka (*A Champ for All Time!*) April 19), but what about that other heavyweight champ, Curly Kayoe?

True, Sam Leff's fighter was earned by fewer newspapers, but those who followed his adventures were certain he could have taken Palooka out in the blinking of a dotted eye or the uttering of a tech.

Remember, too, it was Curly Kayoe, not Floyd Patterson, who became the first heavyweight to regain the championship. Can we ever forget that heart-breaking decision that gave Dynamite Dunn a victory over Kayoe? (Curly knocked him out in the rematch, of course.)

So, perhaps, if Palooka decides to step back into the ring he will be willing to settle this thing once and for all, i.e., take on Kayoe—with the winner then accepting the challenge of the comes' third heavyweight champ, none other than Big Ben Bolt.

JACK MAJOR

Kent, Ohio

Sirs:

Sure, Joe beat Balonki and Red Rodney and McSwain, but they rigged the fight with Pennyworth to get Humphrey stuck in the ring. And what about all the years of Pureheart Palooka ducked his real, Clean-Cut Curly Kayoe? Now there's a story for you.

FRANK BRADY

Philadelphia

Sirs:

Teh tch Joe Palooka from Wilkes-Barre? Hum Fisher was, but not Joe! My goodness! Every fight fan knows by Knobbs Walsh to Blinky Palermo (gulp) knows Joe's from neighboring Larksville.

Holy smoke, don't you recall the movies about Joe playing golf at the Larksville country club and visiting the town's hospital? (The coal-mining community has neither.) Tee hee—but talk tsk!

MIKE RIMAS

Williamsport, Pa.

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Manual for the Tennis Climber

As those familiar with tennis already know, there is considerable controversy among the experts concerning the best approach to hitting the ball. Even the most eager novice soon finds himself bewildered by conflicting theories about eastern, western and continental grips, full and short backswings and open and closed stances. There is, however, one point of universal agreement: to improve your tennis game it is important that you play with opponents who are better than you. It therefore follows that your early efforts should be directed not at improvement of your backhand but rather at learning the secrets of conning superior players into a game, a process that, if repeated often enough, will automatically improve your game.

The technique of luring a more advanced player onto the same court with you is limited only by imagination. In its most basic form, for example, it consists of sidling up to the player of your choice with an off-hand comment such as: "Say, I was noticing your forehand the other day. Know how you can make it more effective?" No tennis player in his right mind is able to resist this kind of bait. As soon as you have parried his answer with, "There's an open court. Do you have a minute?" you will find yourself with a skilled opponent.

Beyond this simple approach lies a vast harvest of schemes ready for the using, and requiring nothing more than nerves, finesse, a little resourcefulness and, above all, the ability to disguise your actual inability as a tennis player.

First, to avoid being taken for a beginner, it is important not to behave like one. Present the image of a veritable veteran of the courts, someone who obviously knows what he is doing.

Unless you are determined to advertise your shortcomings, never pick up a ball with your hands. Always use your racket, keeping its face approximately parallel to the ground and tapping the ball three times: once with enough force to make it jump, and twice more as it bounces higher, until you can catch it in your hand.

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Tennis Climber continued

ing can replace the spoken word. Here you need nothing more than good timing and a smattering of knowledge in a specialized area of tennis. For example, you might memorize the second-round European Zone pairings of this year's Davis Cup draw and have your wife question you about them within earshot of those with whom you wish to play.

A word of warning about your selection of clothes and equipment. If your sneakers have never been used, cover them with grass stains. If your racket lacks battle scars and sparkles with shiny lacquer, trade it in for an old one, or preferably two. And, above all, do not ever wear blue sneakers or carry your racket in a press.

All right. Having followed all these instructions, you have succeeded in coaxing a superior player or group of players into a game. As you stroll from the clubhouse to the court with your unsuspecting opponent, pay careful attention to the way you carry the racket. Make sure that it does not dangle loosely from your hand. Instead, clutch it firmly to your chest, handle downward, your palm on the throat and your thumb pressing against the lower strings.

Once on the court, bear down. Try this: "Nel's a trifle low isn't it?" When you open a new can of tennis balls, beware of betraying yourself by holding the can at arm's length as though there were dead fish inside. Rather, put it up to your ear, roll your eyes, give the key its last turn and, as the air escapes, sigh "aaahh" with all the rapture of a wine steward. Similarly, when asked which side of the court you prefer, do not shrug your shoulders and mumble, "It doesn't matter." Pull a straw from your pocket, toss it into the air, follow its flight carefully and announce: "I'll start over here. My drop shot is more effective hitting into the wind." Who would ever suspect that you've never even executed a drop shot?

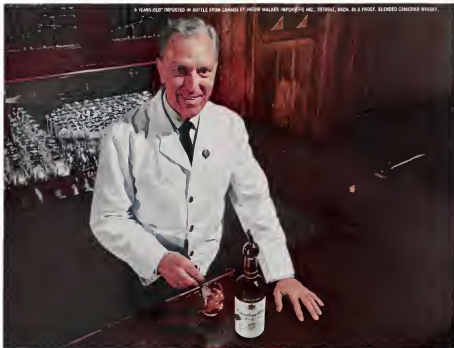
Of course, your opponent is going to suspect it pretty soon. When you dump a couple in the net and hit your first practice serve over the fence, you'll find him looking at you with a quizzical expression. Do not be damaged. You can grab your elbow and bite your lip, rub your eye furiously or have a coughing fit. There are dozens of ways to make him think you are having a sensationally off day. But that's another story.

—AXEL KAUFMANN

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